HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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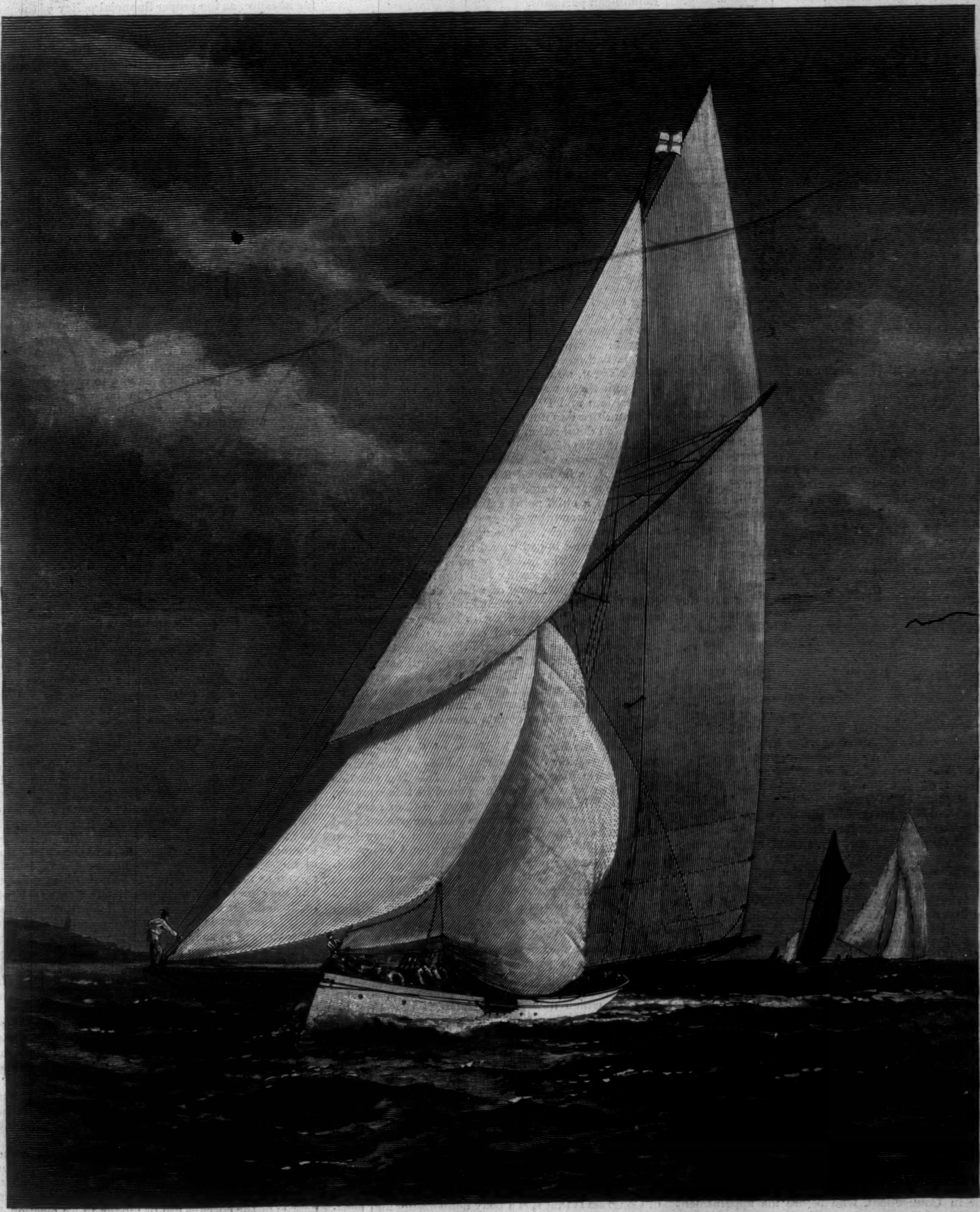

THE BRITISH CUTTER "GALATEA," CHALLENGER FOR THE "'AMERICA'S' CUP."—[SEE PAGE 491.]

"A periodical for children, sweet to the taste."—*Boston Advertiser.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number dated July 27 contains the sixth instalment of "False Witness," by LUCY C. LILLIE, *and the third (concluding) part of "A Nautical Experiment;" by* KIRK MUNROE. *A fairy tale by* HOWARD PYLE, *and a short story in* DAVID KER'S *series about "Boys who became Famous," make up the fiction in this number.*

The principal illustration is a full-page, entitled

"WITCH-HAZEL" (ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH).

It is accompanied by a pretty poem by MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MR. MAURICE THOMPSON *brings his excellent papers on "Archery for Girls and Boys" to a close;* MISS SARAH COOPER *contributes an interesting article on "Birds' Eggs and Nests."*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

THE PRESIDENT'S CIRCULAR TO OFFICE-HOLDERS.

THE issue of President CLEVELAND's circular warning public officers not to undertake the management of party politics, should it be duly enforced by the prompt dismissal of delinquents, as no previous circulars and executive orders of the kind have been enforced, but as this undoubtedly will be, is a very important event. In several States office-holders have been recently very conspicuous in such management, and as this is the very offensive partisanship for which their predecessors have been dismissed, it could not honorably be tolerated by the Administration. Under the patronage system in England the interference of office-holders in politics became so outrageous that the members of the civil service were disfranchised, until the adoption of the reformed system. In this country it was a nuisance and an evil even when the civil service was inconsiderable in numbers, and before it was treated as spoils. JEFFERSON early observed the practice, and he wrote to GALLATIN, his Secretary of the Treasury: "I think the officers of the Federal government are meddling too much with public elections. Will it be best to admonish them privately or by proclamation?" And at his request GALLATIN prepared an admirable circular. It was the obvious indecency of the active partisanship of non-political officers against half the community which paid their salaries which arrested JEFFERSON's attention, especially as his party was the one against which the partisanship was directed. But JEFFERSON proposed to correct the abuse of active partisanship in the civil service by stopping it, not by making it universal, as JACKSON did. It was an admirable purpose, and the only fault to be found with JEFFERSON's course is that after the circular was prepared he never issued it.

After JACKSON's reign of terror, which was not disturbed by VAN BUREN, President HARRISON issued his famous circular, which was written by WEBSTER. Nothing could have been better, and here again the only difficulty was that it was never enforced, and the Whig abuse of patronage was as outrageous as the Democratic. The bull was then taken by the horns. The abuse was declared to be an essential condition of government by party, and in 1846 BUCHANAN said that General TAYLOR would be faithless to the Whig party if he did not proscribe Democrats. The evil reached its fullest development under Republican administration, and naturally produced in the Republican party the reaction which demanded a change, and began the agitation for reform. The reform movement was illustrated by the action and messages of General GRANT, and by his executive order of April 16, 1872, which contained a warning to the office-holders, and by the circular of President HAYES, and his effective establishment, within a limited range, of the reformed system. But there was not a summary dismissal of offenders, and the circular evinced a good purpose rather than a resolute policy. The circular of President CLEVELAND is not a new measure. What will be new, and what the President's character assures, is its strict enforcement.

The President says, "The influence of Federal office-holders should not be felt in the manipulation of party primary meetings and nominating conventions." The real significance of such a declaration in an official paper depends wholly upon the character of the man who makes it. It depends upon the force of his convictions and upon his courage whether the word "should" means "must," and whether "must" means that disobedience will be promptly followed by removal. Mr. TROUP, the Internal Revenue Collector in Connecticut, who before his appointment was held to be one of the most offensive Democratic partisans in his State, evidently understands the President, and before the President's circular, Mr. TROUP, in reply to a Democratic newspaper which said that the revenue officers were actively "working wires" politically, wrote, "Any attaché of the Internal Revenue Department engaged in 'working wires' throughout the State, and the proof being furnished, will remain in the department just long enough to have the letter written dismissing him." This is the spirit, followed by corresponding action, which assures reform. We presume this to be the spirit of the President's circular, and with subordinates of the feeling and purpose expressed by Mr. TROUP, examples will be made which will have the most wholesome effect, as proving that the President means what he says. Offensive partisans in office are not confined to one party, and the dismissal by a Democratic Administration of one conspicuous Democratic office-holder as an offensive partisan will be more serviceable to reform than the Democratic dismissal of ten offensive Republican partisans.

ALBANY.

"HAIL to the capital of New York!" were the opening words of the speech of Mr. SEWARD delivered at Albany in October, 1855. It was the speech in which he announced his adhesion to the Republican party, and it was worthy of a philosophic statesman. The words of Mr. SEWARD express the feeling with which the city has been regarded during the last week, in which it was celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of its charter as a city. The ceremonies were various and prolonged, but there is no city in the country which has a more varied and interesting history, and its celebration was especially valuable as a sign of that local pride and public spirit in which the communities of New York have been sometimes wanting. New York and New England have had always a peculiar relation. It was Holland that first sheltered the Puritan Pilgrims, and when the *Mayflower*, long tossed upon the winter sea, first saw the desolation of Cape Cod, the Pilgrims resolved "to find some place about the Hudson River for their habitation." They finally planted at Plymouth, but the Dutch traders had been already for six years established at Fort Nassau, now within the limits of Albany, and although there were polite embassies between New Amsterdam and Plymouth, the feeling between the communities was not cordial, and in the later day of the Dutch domination it was openly hostile.

But the site of Albany was seen by HUDSON eleven years before the landing at Plymouth, and although it was not, as he hoped it might prove to be, a point upon the nearer water-way to India, it is and has always been a chief point upon the path of European empire in this country—the path along which England and France fought for the mastery, and whose occupation England hoped would recover her revolutionary colonies. The history of no river upon this continent is more interesting and significant than that of the river at the head of which sits the capital of New York. It was the great Indian trading post, the seat of the Indian councils with France and England, the city in which general colonial union was first proposed, and for many years the political centre of the Empire State. It is much more intimately associated with all the great New-Yorkers than any other place in New York, and as there is no State in which great families have played a more important part, there is no city which counts more of them among its citizens than Albany.

One of the happiest incidents of the celebration was the erection of memorial tablets of interesting and historic places in the city. This is a practice which has been too long neglected in this country, and which is nowhere more desirable than here, because of the constant changes and removals of old landmarks. About fifty such memorials have been placed in different parts of Albany, and every Albanian hereafter ought to know all the great traditions of his city. This method of commemoration is one of the most powerful stimulants of healthful local pride, and it would be an excellent service both to the city and to the country if the city of New York would commemorate in the same way her sites of historical interest. Local pride in its large and generous relations is patriotism or love of country, the spring of the noblest heroism and the most beneficent achievement. It is the excellence of the local celebrations which now frequently recur that they develop and strengthen this lofty conservative sentiment. They give to the life of to-day a historical perspective which dignifies and ennobles it, and they foster that public spirit which is in the community what a true fraternity is in all private and neighborly relations.

THE PARTY GAME.

IT is amusing to observe with what energy the party game is played in Congress, because, despite the game, the moment that a question of real importance is presented, party goes to pieces. The theory of Congress is that it is a body deliberating and legislating for the public welfare, and not for a party or private or personal advantage. But this theory is antiquated. In a late debate a Democratic Representative said to a Republican that the pending question—one of the most important which has been considered during the session—was none of the business of the Republican minority. The Republican retorted that it was true, and that the Republicans were simply friendly spectators looking on; and another Republican contented himself with taunting the Democratic majority with neglecting every recommendation of the Democratic Executive. This is certainly a droll conception of Congress as a legislature from which the party minority might as well absent itself, inasmuch as the majority measures of legislation are "none of its business."

But the situation becomes very much droller when, after all the party posturing and taunting and defiance and servility to what is supposed to be party sentiment at home, the question is taken upon a point which must naturally divide real parties, such, for instance, as the proper financial policy of the government, and party suddenly disappears. Mr. MORRISON's resolution to pay out all the surplus in the Treasury beyond $100,000,000 for the purchase of bonds is a momentous financial proposition, which, should it pass the Senate, would be doubtless vetoed by the President. Whether wise or unwise, it was brought forward by the Democratic leader of the House, and was a Democratic measure. But after all the fine fury of party appeal, argument, and innuendo during the debate, the party showing upon the vote was ludicrous. The resolution was adopted by an overwhelming majority, the total vote being 207 yeas and 67 nays. But the Republicans gave 58 votes for the resolution and 55 against it. The Democrats gave 12 votes against it and the rest for it. It is a Democratic House, and the responsibility of legislation therefore rests with the Democrats. But upon a question so vital there was no party division, and the fact is another illustration of a political situation in which parties have lost any distinctive position upon the most important measures.

The same thing appears in the fact pointed out by Mr. MCKINLEY of the variance between the Democratic House and the Democratic President. "He asks you to retire the greenbacks; he asks you to suspend silver coinage; he asks you to revise the tariff. What have you done? You have not retired the greenbacks; you have not suspended silver coinage; you have not revised the tariff." Besides this divergence upon a financial policy, the Democratic Executive policy of reform in the civil service has been most vigorously attacked, or deserted, by the Democratic leaders of the majority. Party, we are constantly told, as an argument for voting against conscience, is essential to popular government, and BURKE and LIEBER and MADISON, and even HORACE WALPOLE, are cited as authorities for the necessity of party. Their views were undeniably sound. But they meant by party an organized body to promote a specific policy or measure. They did not mean a body half of which might vote one way and half the other way upon a great public policy. The ablest speech against paying out the surplus, which is a Democratic measure, was made by a Democrat, Mr. HEWITT, not by a party opponent of the Democrats. Such facts, as showing the indefiniteness of party lines, may be wisely pondered by those who are about to select candidates to be supported in the autumn elections.

THE PAYNE ELECTION.

THE question will be decided probably when this paper is issued, but the one man in the country who should naturally press most earnestly an investigation into the alleged bribery in the election of Senator PAYNE, of Ohio, is Senator PAYNE. There is so much disagreeable allegation and evidence and responsible proffer to supply proof, and there is such difference of opinion upon the part of his associates, that he should be most anxious to have everything laid bare, and the cloud that overhangs his election effectually dissipated. It is apparently plain that three-quarters of the Democratic members of the Ohio Legislature were pledged to somebody else than Mr. PAYNE, that Mr. PAYNE's son was at the capital with a very large sum of money, and that bank-books and other proof can be produced which will show that votes for Mr. PAYNE were bought. All this does not show any culpability upon the part of Senator PAYNE. But it does show presumptively that a great wrong has been done to the Senate and to the country. Messrs. LOGAN, EVARTS, and TELLER are of opinion that no satisfactory evidence has been adduced of corruption of "the necessary votes" to elect the Senator. But a very large part of the people of Ohio are not of that opinion. Senators HOAR and FRYE are not of that opinion. It is an open question. What possible mischief could follow its authoritative answer?

It is time that the general public impression that money has much to do with the election of Senators should be removed. It certainly cannot be disposed of by calling it "infamous." To select a particular charge of the corrupt use of money in an election, to follow it carefully and elaborately, to hear and publish all the evidence, to weigh it carefully, and to pronounce judgment, is not a course beneath the dignity of the Senate. But it is beneath the dignity of the

Senate to know that the election of one of its members is largely believed to have been bought, to know that a great body of evidence has been collected, and that more is offered, to receive a report from Senators worthy of respect that a case for inquiry has been fairly presented, and then to declare that the Senate will not by its own action countenance an aspersion of one of its members. By such conduct the Senate asperses itself. The allegations in regard to the election of Senator PAYNE are not such as might be wantonly brought against any Senator. They have been in the air ever since his election, and whether they are unfounded or not, a complete and authoritative disposition of them is for every reason most desirable.

The dignity and character of the Senate will not be promoted by disregarding a general public impression upon such a point. If by a thorough inquiry and exposition it should show that impression to be wholly unfounded, it would not only remove a most injurious impression, but it would establish a strong precedent by which similar allegations hereafter could be settled. It would do more. The disproof of the charges against the election of Mr. PAYNE would go far to correct the feeling of which we have spoken, that the Senate is coming to represent enormous special corporate interests as well as the great public interest. This also may be a most calumnious feeling. If it be so, it is certainly worth while to show that it is so, and purge the Senate of the evil suspicion. We can see nothing to be gained, either for the country or for the Senate, by quietly dismissing the allegations about the PAYNE election.

LOG-ROLLING.

THERE is no Senator whose opinion upon any subject of legislation is of greater weight than that of Senator EDMUNDS, and in the recent long and often acrid debate in the Senate upon the River and Harbor Bill he stated very forcibly his disapproval of the way in which that great bill of jobs is constructed. He said that the bill of this year, as it came from the House, made the largest grant that he remembered, and described it, as every such bill may be truly described, in these words:

> "It takes in a great number of subjects and streams and places which for national objects, truly considered, and for national commerce among the States and with foreign nations, are substantially useless. But as a convenient condonation to the citizens and communities of remote places far away from railways, if they be—and many of them are not—it is a very nice and generous thing."

Mr. EDMUNDS added that he thought such legislation to be injurious and demoralizing, because it teaches the people to look to the national Capitol and the national Treasury for whatever improvement is to be made, instead of depending upon themselves. So strong was his conviction upon the subject that he would rather run the risk of intrusting $10,000,000 to the executive department, to be properly applied for necessary improvements, than to appropriate five or six millions of dollars for objects which, "when you look them one by one right in the face," are unconstitutional as well as impolitic.

This was well and wisely said. It was a frank statement that the River and Harbor Bill contains enormous jobs, and Senator VEST instantly admitted it, but said that it could not be helped. He agreed that the bill was a huge piece of log-rolling.

> "There is not a trout stream in this bill, there is not a so-called harbor that would give refuge to a fishing-smack of ten tons, that is not a national improvement, if you listen to the Senators and Representatives from those States; and if you do not give it an appropriation, Liberty lies bleeding in the streets, and the Capitol will be shattered to its foundations. It is always so, and you cannot make these river and harbor bills in any other way."

Senator LOGAN also agreed that it was log-rolling, but unavoidable.

> "The Senator [Mr. EDMUNDS] has more confidence in human nature than I have, if he believes such a time will ever come when the Congress of the United States will strike off everything but navigable streams and rivers and harbors. I wish we had commenced that way."

Senator LOGAN added that he had usually voted against such bills. But he had given it up. There was no use in fighting such propositions.

Senators, then, vote for bills which squander immense sums of public money because human nature is weak. Man is selfish. To fight against waste of the public money is kicking against the pricks. The only way is to refer the matter "to thirteen intelligent gentlemen," and vote for the jobs which they will report, because human nature is made so, and not otherwise. Here is richness, quoth Mr. Squeers. It is not surprising that it was plainly said in the Senate that the President would veto the bill. It came from the House appropriating about $15,000,000. It was swollen in the Senate to about $18,000,000. Then the Senate, conscious of what Senators EDMUNDS and VEST and LOGAN stated, that it was an aggregation of jobs, cut it down twenty-five per cent., not excluding the swindles, but reducing the necessary grants, in order to diminish the total. This was, of course, a confession of the enormity of the whole thing. If the grants were not justifiable and necessary, it was a public outrage to pass them. If they were necessary and justifiable, they should have been passed, and the responsibility of approving the bill left with the President. The whole action of the Senate is a confession that he ought to veto the bill.

A VERY PROPER ORDER.

THE order of the Civil Service Commission providing that neither an appointing or nominating officer or his deputy shall be made chairman or secretary of an examining board is a very proper one. It applies to five custom-houses, those at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and Burlington, and to nine post-offices, not including that at New York. The order will compel a change in the new board of examiners in New York, which includes the more conspicuous members of "the ring" which is hostile to reform.

The unfortunate situation in the New York Custom-house arises from the appointment of chief officers who were not only not interested in reform, but opposed to it. It is now stated, to our great surprise, that the whole eligible list has been submitted to the appointing officer with the approval of the late Commission. Nothing, however, could be more suspicious, and nothing should have been resisted more strongly, except for very conclusive reasons, than the request of an appointing officer to see the eligible list.

We trust that the time is not remote when the boards of examiners will be selected from persons who are not in the public service. The inconveniences, temptations, and risks of such selections from among the subordinates of appointing officers are evident.

OLEOMARGARINE.

THE passage of the bill taxing oleomargarine is an extraordinary act. The argument for it is twofold—that oleomargarine injures the public health, and that its sale injures the private interests of dairymen. If the first statement be true, let the manufacture of oleomargarine be prohibited. If it is sold under false pretences, let its honest sale be secured by proper penalties. But, as Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, truly remarked, if it is right to tax bogus butter, it is right to tax bogus wines.

There is no more valuable class of the community than dairymen. But if their interests are to be protected by destroying the interests of other people, the rule cannot stop with them, and the way will be opened to internecine legislation. The law is one of the least meritorious acts of a very barren session.

THE EXTRADITION TREATY.

THE *Tribune* has published the text of the new extradition treaty with England. It is very brief and very simple, and is merely a supplement to the treaty of 1842, adding four more offences to those mentioned in that treaty. The four new ones are manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement or larceny of the value of $50, or £10, and upward, and malicious injuries to property whereby the life of any person shall be endangered.

This includes actual dynamite crimes, but the treaty expressly prohibits the surrender of political offenders. One of its excellent provisions is the limitation of the trial of the accused person to the offence for which he is surrendered. There can be no good reason for the rejection of the treaty. It is not new in principle, and it contains no provision to which valid objection can be taken.

A BUST OF IRVING.

DR. JOSEPH WIENER, a German physician of New York, has presented to the Commissioners of the Central Park a bronze bust of WASHINGTON IRVING, which will be placed properly in the Ramble. This is a pleasant tribute to American genius by an excellent citizen of foreign descent. Central Park is the great pleasure-ground of the city of New York. It is full of commemorative busts and statues of eminent men of other countries and states presented by foreigners and strangers.

Meanwhile there is no statue in this New York park of the two most eminent natives of the city—JOHN JAY and WASHINGTON IRVING. And as the good feeling of a German has now raised in this sylvan gallery a bust of IRVING, possibly the respect of some Frenchman or Italian may yet offer to the city a memorial of JOHN JAY. BURNS and SHAKESPEARE and GOETHE and SCOTT and HUMBOLDT and DANTE and MAZZINI and WEBSTER are all commemorated, and there is a memorial of HALLECK. A statue of TWEED was projected also by eminent citizens. But it is doubtful whether the city remembers that JAY and IRVING were its children.

There is another New-Yorker whose statue should be seen in the Park—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. It is the distinction of New York that the first famous triumvirate of American literature—COOPER, BRYANT, and IRVING—were contemporaneous citizens of the State; and no plea of propriety can be urged more strongly for the bronze or marble memorial of any man in the Park than in the case of each of those illustrious Americans.

THE "TIMES'S" ALASKAN EXPEDITION.

THE New York *Times* has despatched an expedition to explore Alaska, with the special purpose of geographical research and of ascending some of the more noted mountain peaks, among which Mount St. Elias is "the king of the American continent." The commander of the expedition is the well-known explorer FREDERICK SCHWATKA, and the chief of the scientific work is Professor LIBBEY, of Princeton, the successor of GUYOT, and an expert in Alpine scientific research.

The expedition sailed from Port Townsend, Washington Territory, on the 14th of June, and on the 10th of July it left Sitka, the chief port of Alaska, for Yukatal, or Jay Bay, where the land parties will begin their work of exploration. An experienced English Alpine climber accompanies the explorers, with Indians who will join the ranks as required. The route will be toward the St. Elias Alps, and the journey to their base will be made as rapidly as possible. The weather during the summer will be probably propitious, and from the mountain summits, ranging from eight to ten thousand feet, the party hopes to command wide views of the interior. The Indians of Alaska, the timber, the minerals, all the varied life and resources of the remote and hidden region, are the proper subjects of investigation. It is the latest and most arctic addition to the national domain, and our limited information of the country is confined mainly to some points of the coast.

It is an admirable enterprise, of a kind which seems to have fallen largely to the press, which, in widely extending our knowledge of the globe, illustrates its own spirit and resources. A great newspaper is a great power, whose prosperity depends upon its command of all kinds of information or news gathered from near and far, and upon the ability and independence of its comments upon the news. It is thus, in THIERS's phrase, a complete daily history of every day, and no part of that history is more interesting than that which records the advance of our knowledge of every part of the globe which has been secluded from general observation. The *Times* is to be congratulated upon its enterprise, and the character and experience of the leaders of the expedition are the guarantee of the value of the exploration. Should the summit of Mount St. Elias itself be reached, the tale will be novel and fascinating. How interesting one such undertaking may be in the narrative, Mr. BRYCE has shown in his story of the ascent of Ararat.

PERSONAL.

THE Hon. CHARLES A. DANA declares that the most difficult subject for a newspaper reporter to handle well is a big fire. It has, he says, so many varied and varying aspects; its cause must often be ascertained from lips that are panic-stricken; its immediate and remote consequences must be noted; the companies in which the burned property was insured, the amounts of the several policies, and the extent of the damage to owners and tenants, must be learned promptly and accurately, although most of the sufferers are loath to impart such information, because the next morning they may wish to revise their estimates. Particularly when the fire occurs at night, and must be reported at once, is the task a difficult one. No good city editor would "kill" good descriptive matter about a big fire. Mr. DANA's last experience in reporting such an event was in Bleecker Street, in 1847, when ten or twelve buildings were burned.

—Lieutenant SCHWATKA, in command of the *Times's* exploring expedition in Alaska, is over six feet high, and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. It was he who discovered in King William's Land, in the arctic seas, evidences that Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his party had really perished. It was he who, a few years later, sailed twelve hundred miles on a raft on the dangerous Yukon River, in the polar regions, and explored also the remaining eight hundred miles of that previously unknown stream. To-day the Lieutenant is supposed to be climbing Mount St. Elias, the highest peak of North America, its elevation being almost four miles. If he reaches the snowy summit, he will be the first person to have accomplished that feat. The Smithsonian Institution wanted to send him on the same errand, but was out of funds. He expects to bring back many facts and specimens valuable to science, and to deposit them in the Museum of Natural History at the Central Park, and in the museum of Princeton College, where his assistant, Mr. LIBBEY, is a professor.

—DICKENS's *Old Curiosity Shop*, where Little Nell immortalized herself, is now supposed to be the structure at No. 14 Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, occupied by a dealer in waste paper. The neighborhood is one that DICKENS often visited. Another of its attractions is Quilp's Wharf, which exists under the name of Butler's Wharf. Quilp himself is well remembered by a few of the oldest inhabitants, and the latest investigations increase the evidence that DICKENS liked to chronicle what his own eyes had seen.

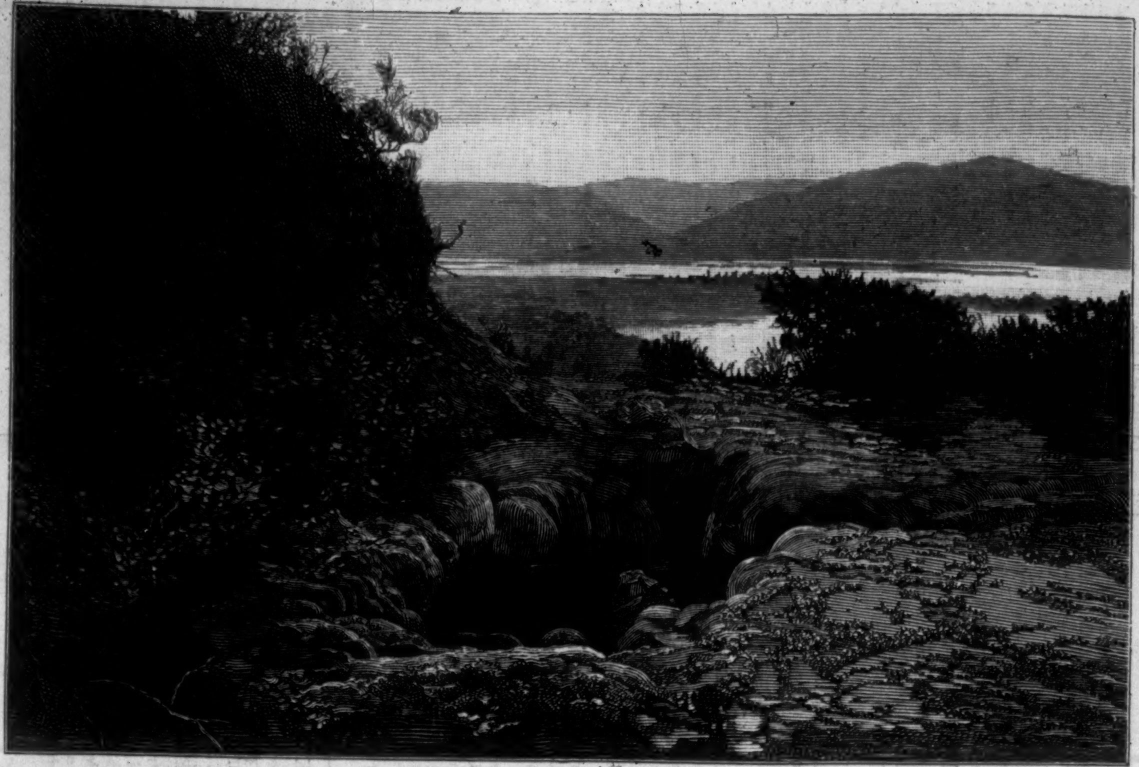
—A prominent Wall Street broker once found himself, in Venice, under the necessity of having some American money exchanged for Italian. The business was easily transacted, and seemed regular enough, but the cost was one-fourth of the entire principal. After reflecting for twenty-four hours upon the extent to which he had been sheared, he called again upon his Venetian brother, grasped him warmly by the hand, expressed his admiration of the performance, and added: "Now, my dear fellow, I am a shaver myself, and from Wall Street, and won't you be kind enough to explain to me just how you succeeded in pocketing one-fourth of my money?" The request was granted, and the admiration was mutual.

—It is suggested by a well-known sculptor, who has the absent-mindedness to be always losing his umbrella, that this useful article should be provided by the city, just as pavements and sewers are; in which case, he observes to his friends, the pedestrian on a rainy day would be able to seize an umbrella from a public rack in whatever street he might be, and to get rid of it by returning it to another rack as soon as the clouds rolled by.

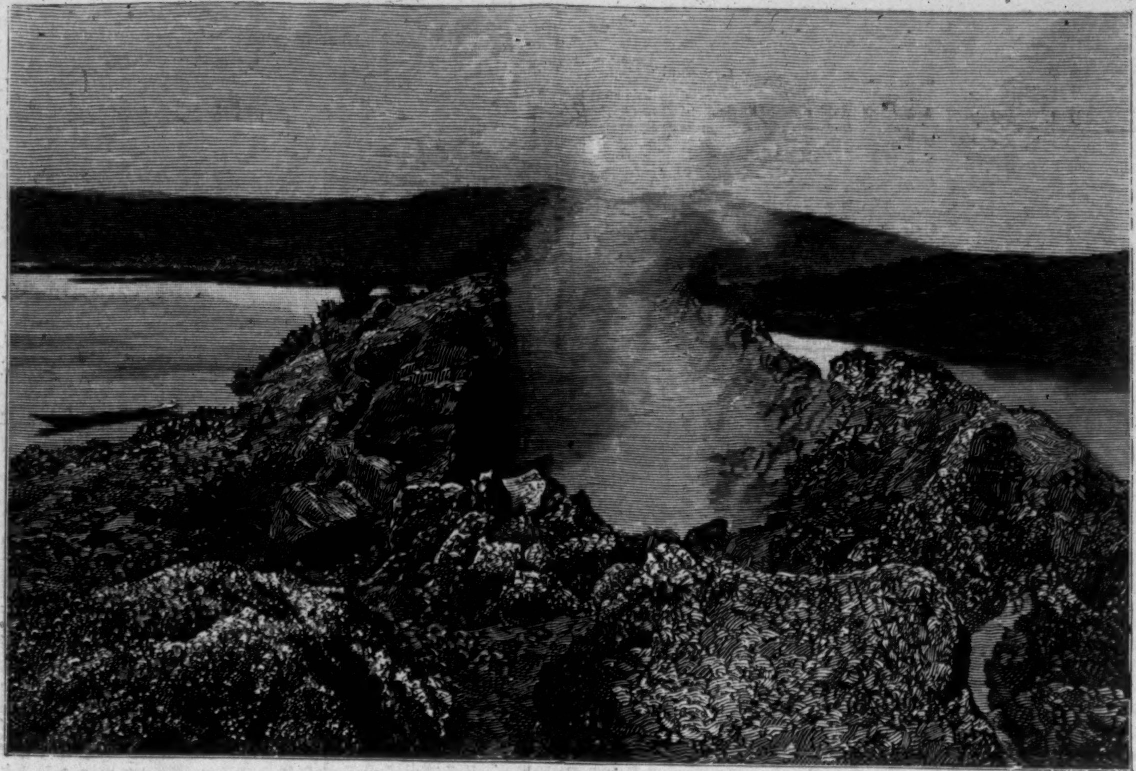
—Mr. BEECHER has been reminding the Londoners that if his early ancestors had not been in a hurry to go to America, he might have been born in England. He has been asked, since he arrived in London, to express his opinion in regard to a good many things. Well, he had opinions on a good many things, and he had a right to express them in the land which he had never forsworn.

—M. PASTEUR's generosity and self-sacrifice in giving freely the fruits of his life's work to all comers without charge was warmly praised at a meeting of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain. The great specialist in hydrophobia did not patent his process, but gave information to all who desired to learn, and also the virus to work with. Up to July 1 not less than 1426 persons bitten by dogs had been treated by PASTEUR, and of these only four had died.

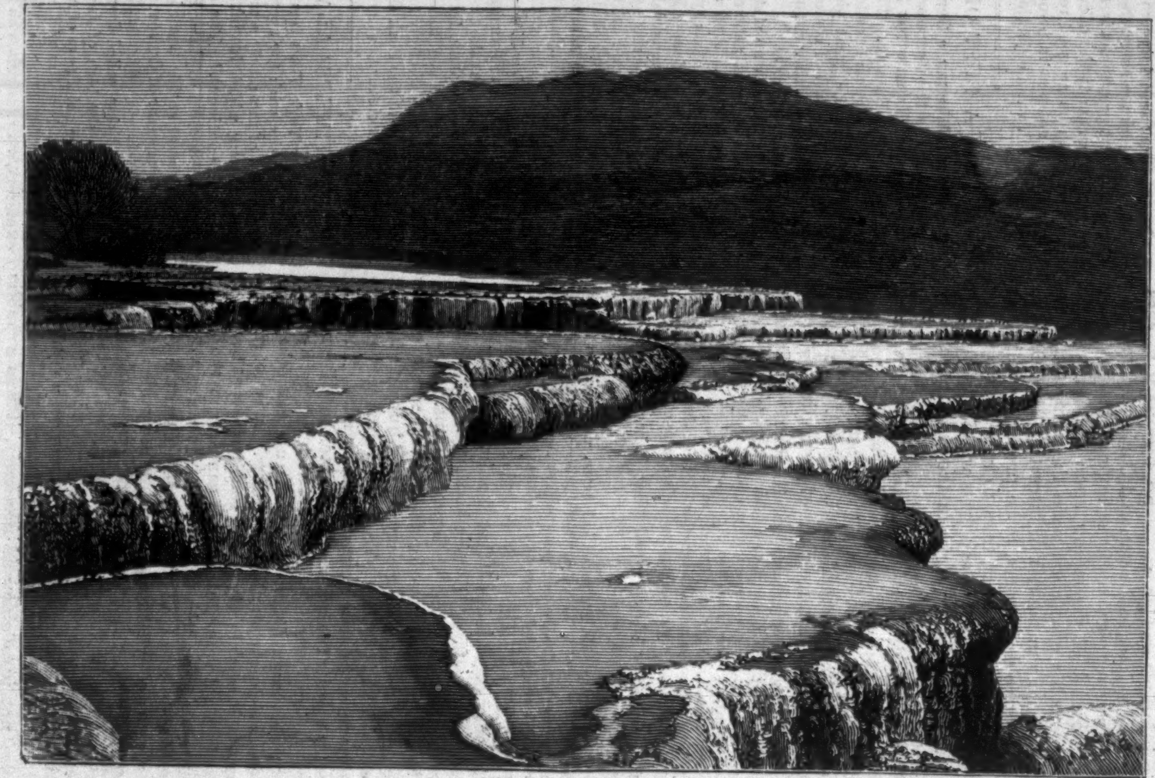
—Some of the artist friends of the late HENRY KIRKE BROWN were shown his studio, near Newburgh, on the day of his funeral. The structure is a wing of a barn, and stands at a distance of twenty yards from the sculptor's cottage. Its spacious and cheerful interior looks out upon thirty acres of greensward on the banks of the Hudson. It contains plaster casts of the statues of General SCOTT, General GREENE, RICHARD STOCKTON, and other celebrities, arranged around the walls, together with many small works on the mantel-shelf, some of them modelled by his nephew and heir, Mr. HENRY K. BUSH BROWN. Just in front of the two-story mansard-roofed wooden cottage is a trout pond of moderate size, which the sculptor excavated with his own hands. He was an enthusiastic fisherman. His last days were embittered by his failure to obtain from Congress about $15,000, a balance which he claimed to have been due on his equestrian statue of General SCOTT. This work used to be much admired by General GRANT, who often eulogized it in the presence of Mr. DANIEL HUNTINGTON, when sitting for his portrait. GRANT said that the common criticism that the horse was too small for its rider was unjust; that SCOTT was so big as always to look too big for the horse he was riding.



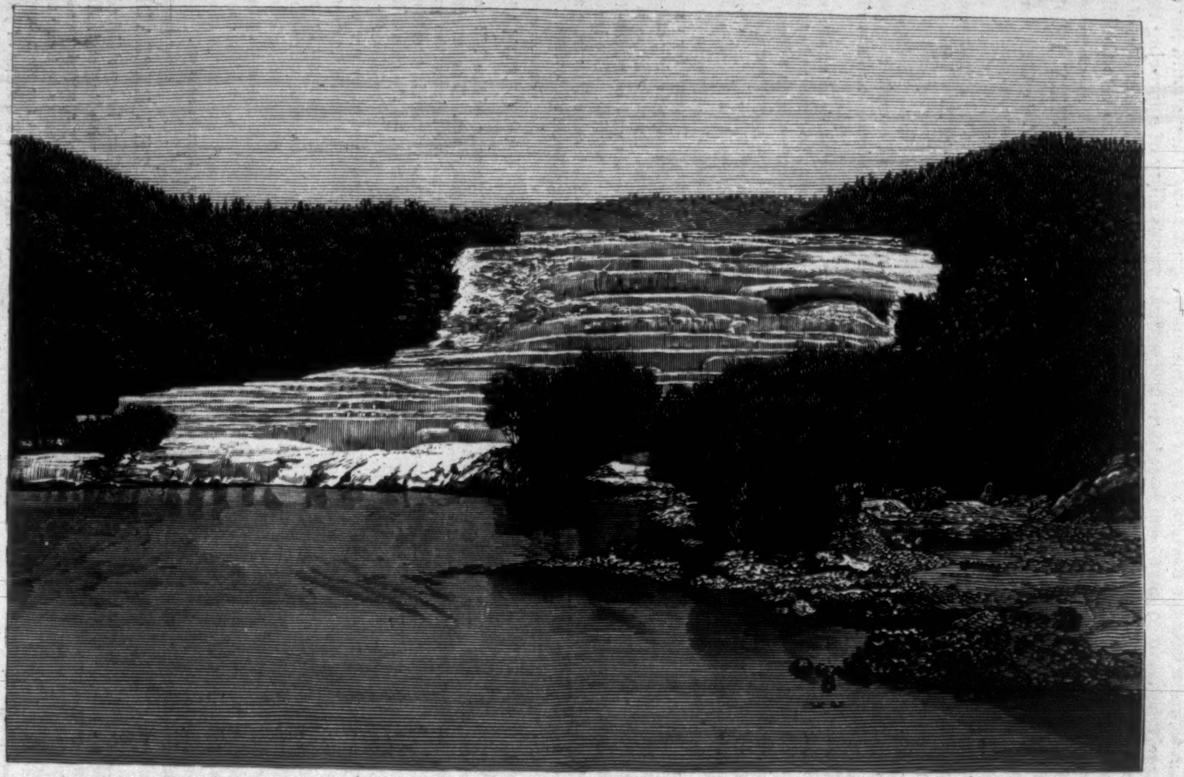
A MUD CRATER.



A STEAM HOLE.

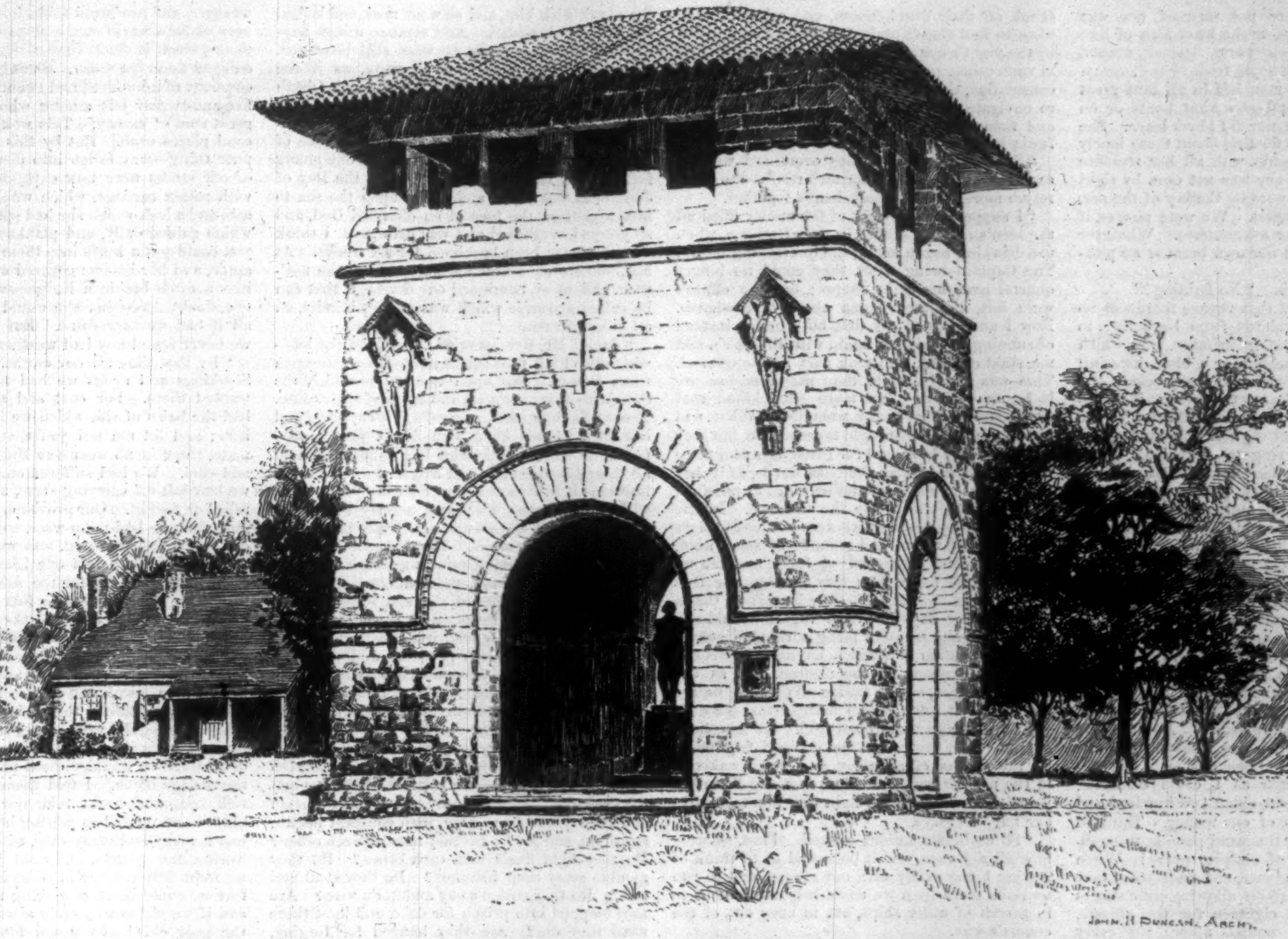


THE WHITE TERRACE.



THE PINK TERRACE.

SCENES OF THE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.—From Photographs furnished by Mr. Thomas A. Eddy.—[See Page 487.]


JOHN H DUNCAN, ARCH'T.

THE PROPOSED WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT NEWBURGH.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

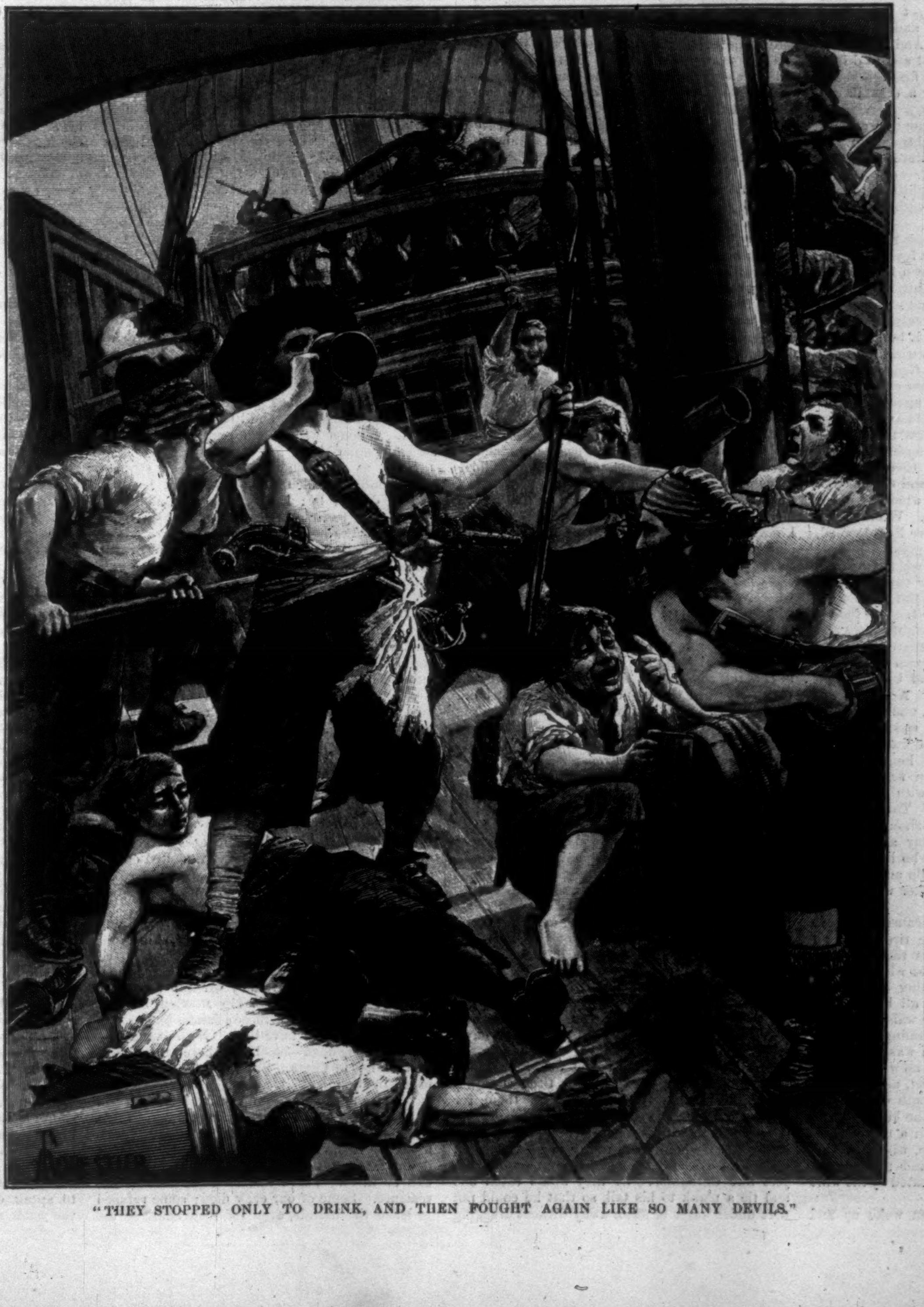
AUTHOR OF "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BRINJES CONCLUDES THE STORY OF HIS VOYAGE.

THOSE who will read this history through, and then consider the various parts of it, will not fail to be amazed with the manner in which Jack was prepared for the fulfilment of his fate and for the close of his life (if that hath yet happened) by a crowd of circumstances which seem to have indicated it and led him irresistibly. For, first, it was permitted to him—a rare thing—to make the acquaintance of two who had voyaged upon the South Seas—I mean as officers, and of the better sort; for of those who had set foot on Juan Fernandez, fought the Creolian Spaniards at Payta, Guayaquil, and Panama, and insulted their settlements in the Philippine Islands, there were many in Greenwich Hospital, and the Trinity Almshouses, of Deptford. Of these two, one, the apothecary, would relate his adventures in a moving manner, so as to make a boy's cheek burn and his pulses beat. The other, it is true, was a phlegmatic man, but there were parts even of his narrative—as, for example, when the castaways built a crazy boat, thirty feet long, and put to sea only forty strong, yet resolved to attack the first Spanish vessel they sighted, though they had but three cutlasses and half a dozen muskets and a small cannon, for which there was no stand, so that it had to be fired from the deck; and for all their provision nothing but stinking conger-eel, dried in the sun, and one cask of water, fitted with a musket-barrel, by which each man drank in turn—I say that there were parts of his narrative which would fire the boy, and make his eyes bright. For the hearing of such sufferings only stimulates a boy who is intended by nature for a sailor. Next, there were the books lent to him by Captain Petherick, all of voyages, especially in Oceanus, Australis, and Magellanica. And, thirdly, he was, while yet a boy, to sail across the great Pacific Ocean, which is said to fill those who have once voyaged on its waters with a strange love and desire to return thither, if only to meet with shipwreck and starvation. What follows, however, was the story which Mr. Brinjes now completed—a strange story, truly.

"I told you," he began, "that we were driven off our course north of the latitude in which we hoped to sight the great Manila ship. She carried I know not how many cannon, and I know not how many hundreds of men. But we were a hundred and twenty strong, all well-armed, resolute men, and they were Creolian Spaniards, a cowardly crew, who, when they have fired their small-arms, can do no more, and when the English lads board the craft, fall to bawling for Quarter, and strike their flag. There is but one rule in these waters: it is to attack the Spanish flag whenever you find it, and to look for no resistance once you come to close quarters, unless the officers, which sometimes happens, are French; then they will fight. Now mark what happened to us. The same tempest which drove us so far north caught the Manila ship as well, of which we were in search, and drove her also out of her course, treating her even more roughly than ourselves. We sighted her one morning at daybreak. There could be no doubt about her; there are not many ships of her build in the North Pacific. As soon as we were near enough to make her out, all hands were called to quarters, and we prepared for action with joyful hearts, loading the guns and small-arms, and sharpening cutlasses and pikes. As we drew nearer, and the daylight stronger, the sea being now quite smooth, save for a gentle swell, we perceived a strange thing, namely, that her mainmast and her foremast were gone by the board, only her mizzen standing; her bows and bulwarks were stove in, and her rudder was lost. She was drifting about upon the water, helpless as a log. She had no sails set; most of her rigging was cut away. We fired a shot by way of signal, but received no reply; then we drew nearer. Not a man could be seen. Were they all hiding down below, or were they hatching some treachery? We ranged presently alongside, cautiously standing to our guns, and expecting nothing less than a broadside. But the guns, on the up-



"THEY STOPPED ONLY TO DRINK, AND THEN FOUGHT AGAIN LIKE SO MANY DEVILS."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.

per deck at least, were not manned, nor was there a soul to be seen, or the least sign of life. However, our boarding party leaped aboard with a shout, expecting some trick of the enemy. Boys, there was not a man left in all that great ship. How they got off—by what boats or on what raft—I know not, nor did I ever learn. She was deserted; she was floating about these lonely seas, a great treasure-ship, with all her treasure still on board. Why, she was not ours by right of conquest; she was ours by the law of the sea, because she was a derelict. We were pirates, if you please, or rovers, or adventurers. Whatever we were, that ship was our own because we picked her up."

"What!" cried Jack. "No fighting?"

"None, my lad. On that voyage there was no fighting with the Spaniards from beginning to end. As for this great inheritance, into which we came without a question or a blow, 'twas all left undisturbed on board with the precious cargo of which it formed a part. Strange it was to walk 'tween-decks and see them filled with the bales of silks, the spices, the rich stuffs, that the galleon was carrying to Acapulco. There was also a beautiful collection of small-arms, and swords with jewelled hilts, pistols with carved stocks, brass carronades, and such carved work in wood, for the state-rooms and the captain's cabin, as one could sell in London for its weight in silver at least. There was also a great quantity of wine, which was seasonable, for our spirits were wellnigh drunk out, and there was no probability of our getting more. We took all the wine and the arms, and as much of the silks and embroidered stuff as every man pleased; so that we went about as fine as so many princes, with purple and crimson sashes. The spices we mostly left on the ship; but the powder we took out of her, and all her provisions. And then we found the treasure. It was packed in small iron-bound chests, in gold pieces-of-eight and other coins, worth, as near as I could calculate, judging from the weight, about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of our money. Think of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to be divided among a crew of simple rovers! When we first found this treasure, and understood how much it was worth—namely, allowing eight shares for the Captain and eighteen for the officers, nearly two thousand pounds apiece for every man, we were amazed at our wonderful fortune, and looked at each other like stuck pigs. However, we got the boxes on board, and laid them safe in the Captain's cabin, and set fire to the galleon, which blazed furiously, and presently blew up, and so an end of her. And as for us, we sailed away, and began to feast and to drink, and to make merry. And for the first few hours I think there was never so happy a crew in the world."

"Well," said Jack, "if prize-money were all they wanted. But to have no fighting with the Spaniards—why, one would as lieve take the money out of a till."

"There was a great deal of fighting. I said only that there was no fighting with the Spaniard."

"What other fight was there, then?"

"That evening we made a great feast on deck, all the ship's company sitting down together to as noble a salmagundy, onions being still plentiful, as one would wish to see. And with the salmagundy—which is sailors' food, truly, yet I want no other as long as I live, unless it be lobscouse and sea-pie—we drank the finest wine, designed for his Excellency the Governor-General of the Manilas, that was ever drawn from cask. Such wine one may never hope to taste again. What? Topers who drink strong black port and Jamaica rum (which yet I love), what know they of the soft and luscious drink which these Papistical Spaniards enjoy daily, sitting in their cool and shady houses, while the negroes and the Indians work for them in the sun? But when the drink got into us, the quarrelling began. When rovers quarrel, they fight. The men were light-headed, to begin with, thinking of their great windfall; and the Spanish wine is heady when you have taken much more than a quart or two, and they very soon began to quarrel over the division of the money. For some wanted to tear up the articles, whereby the Captain took eight shares and the officers eighteen, and all to share and share alike. And then swords were drawn and pistols cocked; and those of us who had kept reasonably sober went hastily below. Among these were the first and second mates, and the bo's'n, and myself. But the Captain was mad with drink. We kept below, while the trampling and the fighting went on all night long, for they stopped only to drink, and then fought again like so many devils, not caring with whom they fought, still less for what cause. The men were resolute fellows, but they never showed half so much courage against the enemy as they did against each other; and those who had been in the morning the heartiest friends and brothers were at night murdering each other with the utmost ferocity.

"They stopped at last; not because they were appeased, but because they were tired; and all slept on deck, some lying across the dead and wounded. It was a strange sight when we ventured on deck, the work of fighting being over, and saw them in the moonlight all lying about among the cannon, mostly in the waist, dead and living together, the blood still running out of the scuppers. The man at the helm was killed, and lying over his wheel. There was no watch; there were no lights; all sails were set, and the ship was swiftly sailing over the smooth waters with no one to look out, no lights in the bows, and no one to care whether we struck on a rock or not. There were thirty wounded men, whom we carried below and dressed their wounds; but fifteen of them died, their blood being heated by the wine and the salt provisions.

"At sunrise most of the men woke up and shook off their drunkenness, and ashamed they were to find the Captain and twenty men killed by the night's quarrel. First they sat and looked at each other, sorry and angry. Then they took consolation, thinking there were still enough men to navigate the ship, and fight her, if necessary; and then some one whispered that there were fewer by twenty to share the treasure.

"So we threw the bodies overboard without any funeral service, and the men resolved to quarrel no more, and all shook hands together.

"I suppose the thought of the money filled all the men's minds, because in the afternoon, when the drinking began again, the quarrelling began. The Captain being dead, they could no longer quarrel over his eight shares; but the officers were left, and they began about their shares. Now I am sorry to say that both mates, instead of running down below again with the bo's'n and me, staid on deck and took part in the quarrel. That was a worse night than the other, because it began earlier. Ten more were killed that night, and a great many wounded. What was worse, the morning brought no cessation, but they fought all day long, and for three days and three nights, drinking all the time like devils, as if they desired that as many should be killed as possible, and as few left to divide the treasure. In the end, when they desisted, we were reduced to sixty men, most of whom had wounds of some kind, and some died afterward of fever, so that we numbered no more than fifty. I suppose that such a thing hath never before happened, that a ship for four days and four nights should sail any course she pleased, being without a steersman or a captain or a watch, having all sails set, and yawing about as she pleased, just as the breeze changed, and so sailing all the time before the wind. It was surely a miracle that we were not all cast away and destroyed. At last, however, the men grew tired and sobered, frightened by the deaths of so many, and now awakened to the new danger that if we met the Spaniard we might not be able to fight him nor to protect our huge treasure.

"So we held a serious council. First, we were now all rich men, and it behooved us to think of getting home safely with our money, and to run no risks more than we could help, and not to go in search of other ships, but to keep out of the enemy's way.

"Did one ever hear before of an English crew keeping out of the Spaniard's way? But the treasure made cowards of us all. Every man valued his own skin because he was now the owner of so much wealth. Why, what had been before the fighting a share worth two thousand, was now worth four, at least. Not a man among us but was worth four thousand pounds and more. Even if we had sighted another galleon, I doubt whether we should have ventured to attack her. And the men grew moody and scowling, every one sitting apart, counting his gains and wishing his shipmates dead, so that his own share should be greater. Never was a ship's crew fuller of murderous thoughts and evil jealousies. Even the wounded men dying of fever could not die quietly, but must shriek and cry out for life, because they were now all made men."

"Better have tossed the treasure overboard," said Jack.

"As for our course, we had now sailed a good bit to the south, but we knew not and we never knew where we were. Look at the chart. Here is the island of Donna Maria Laxara. We were driven north from that island, and we presently sailed south, no man regarding the navigation. The latitude I was able to calculate; but as for the longitude, that was lost, and we knew not how to recover it, there being no one on board except myself who could so much as read.

"After our council, however, we appointed watches, and attended somewhat to the sailing, keeping her course south, in hopes of fetching Juan Fernandez or Masa Fuera. But, lord! we were hundreds of miles to the west, though we knew it not; and as for Juan Fernandez, we should none of us ever see that island again. So we sailed day after day, but slowly, because the winds were light. The sun now grew hot; we were within the tropics. The men had somewhat recovered their spirits, and bragged what they would do when we got home, and how they would fling the money about. Some were for Kingston, but some for Portsmouth; and I have always felt compassion for the girls of Point that they never had the spending of this great haul. For my own part, I always knew that something was going to happen, for surely such a crew of murderers would never be suffered to get safely to port with so much wealth.

"The first thing that happened was that we were becalmed. I know not where, but I think somewhere hereabouts." Mr. Brinjes pointed to a spot near the middle of the Pacific, far from any other track. "We were becalmed so long that we drank out all the Spaniard's wine, and now had nothing to drink except water, and that so long in the casks that it was, so to speak, rusty. Also, we soon found that we had not a great quantity of provisions left; and the scurvy showed itself with the Lobillo, of which we lost two or three men. And now, if there was no more fighting, there was no more singing and making merry. The men amused themselves with gambling: some of them played away all their shares, but presently won them back, and then lost them again; or they passed the days, which were tedious, in fishing for sharks—the sea was full of them; sometimes they killed them for food, but one soon gets tired of eating shark; sometimes they played with them, for they would catch two, and put out the eyes of one, and tie their tails together, and so drop them into the sea, when it was pretty to see them pull different ways, and fight and bite at each other, just like Christians. Or they would catch one and tie a plank to his tail, so that he could not dive under water or swim away without dragging the plank with him, and so went mad, and lashed the water in his rage. And strange things happened. One day, while we were still becalmed, the needle began to turn all ways, as if the witches had got hold of it—the Jamaica Obeah men know that secret—and another day the sky turned violet-color, with green clouds, very terrifying, and in the night the sea was a blaze of light, so that we were all alarmed, and one young fellow went mad, and cried out that the Day of Judgment was come, and called upon the sea to hide him from the face of an offended God, and so jumped overboard and was drowned. I think we must have been becalmed for six weeks. At last, however, a breeze sprung up from the nor'-west, and so we continued our course, if that can be called a course which was sailing blindly, on an unknown sea.

"Jack," Mr. Brinjes cried, "it will be thy lot—wherefore I tell thee this history—to cruise upon these waters. Not upon the course which the Spaniards take, but west and south of their route. There wilt thou meet, as we did, with strange and beautiful islands filled with kindly people, who paddle in canoes and swim like fishes, and hold all things in common, and live naked. In those latitudes it is always summer all the year round, with warm balmy air; and nobody heeds the time, and there are always rich fruits to eat and delightful fish to catch. They have no religion, and therefore are not afraid; they have no knowledge of the ten commandments, and therefore know not the nature of sin, and have no conscience to trouble them; they have learned nothing of any future world, and therefore are not anxious; they have no property, and therefore know not envy; they have no diseases, except the incurable disease of age; although their lives are happy, they fear not death, upon which they never think; they neither murder nor rob. What is our modern civilization, what is the politeness of the age, compared with such happiness as theirs? What is there a man can hope for better than warmth and plenty, the love of women and the friendship of men, with constant health, sunshine, and joy? Do they murder each other? Do they fight duels with each other? Do they gamble away their fortunes? Do they steal and rob? Do they entice away another's wife? Are they clapped into prison for debt, and kept there until they die? Are they hanged for forging, coining, and shoplifting? Are they flogged at the cart-wheel for anything they do? Are they made to work all day so that another man may grow rich? Are they teased with wars? Must they be starved so that priests may get fat? Do they go in misery and anxiety all their days for fear of the Bottomless Pit?" Mr. Brinjes enumerated many other things, which are not the blessings of civilization, yet exist among us, and not among these savages. "Why, for the mere joy of living among this people, and breathing their soft air, our men forgot even their great treasure and their jealousies, and became, as it were, foolish; they quarrelled no longer; they rejoiced to go ashore and court the friendship of these soft savages, and to give them beads, knives, fish-hooks, or any little thing, in return for which the people gave them everything they had; for a string of beads or a piece of bright-colored silk they would bring out all they possessed; for a bottle of rum they would, I verily believe, have sold their island. Ah!" Mr. Brinjes heaved a deep sigh. "I have known true happiness on the African coast; but there the air is hotter, and men's passions are fiercer—well, I love the fierce passion and the temperament which breaks suddenly into flame; but I have never seen or heard, anywhere, of any place where the folk are so gentle as in these seas, and life is so easy and so sweet. Heaven keep them long from the accursed Spaniard!

"And as for wonders, I have seen strange things, indeed, which men would not believe. Boys, I do not lie: I have seen bats as big as rabbits, and terrible great serpents which hang from the trees head downward, and have power by their breath—I know not how—by their breath alone, to draw wild beasts—nay, and man as well—toward them, and so to break their bones and devour them; calamaries, or squids, are there with arms ninety feet long—many have seen them, and avow the truth—which can clutch a whole ship and drag it under water; there are springs of water which have virtue to turn fish into stones; there are flying cats and women fish—yea, fish with heads and breasts like unto women, and tails like the mermaids'; there are shell-fish big enough, each one, to dine a boat's crew, and yet leave meat to spare; there are birds' nests so big that six men cannot fathom one; there are beautiful lizards, of all colors, as big as calves. Am I lying to you? No, boys. There was an island where we gathered a pannier of earth for the cook's galley to lay under his fire. Would you believe that, six months afterward, we found a bar of gold beneath it, melted out of this little bucketful of earth? But we could never find that island again. As for the people, the men mostly go naked, or nearly naked, and the women have a kind of petticoat, made sometimes of feathers and sometimes of skins, and they have hair so long that it trails upon the ground; their language is a jargon that no one can understand; and if they worship anything, which I doubt, they worship wooden images. Tasman found some of these islands, but he has never been where I have been. No living man—the rest being dead—has been where I have been. Tell me not of Captain Shelvocke! He only followed the Spaniard's track.

"We cruised about contentedly, leading a life like that of King Solomon himself, among these islands—how long, I know not, for we staid sometimes for whole months off one island. Perhaps it was fifty years, but I think it was no more than two or three. There was no more talk of the treasure. Some of our crew died; some refused to leave the islands, even for their share of the treasure, and preferred a black wife and a life of ease under a warm sun, with palm-wine and pandang (which is their kind of food), to any more dangers upon the water. So at length, out of our company of a hundred and twenty, there were but five-and-twenty left among whom to divide the great sum of money. This would give ten thousand pieces each. But by this time the ship—poor thing—was fallen into disrepair, and most of our stores were now expended, so that what with rotten cordage, which would hardly hold a sail, and a leak which she had sprung somewhere, which gained daily, and planks now so soft that you could put a knife into them as into a rotten apple, and her bottom covered with green weeds, like a ditch beside a hedge-row at home, I, for one, doubted whether she would hold together at all if bad weather came. But in these islands we never found any bad weather.

"By this time all our clothes were worn out. Stockings and shoes we had none, but no one wanted them. For coat and shirt and all, we had the bales of silk which we found on the galleon; and let me tell you that, in a warm climate, there is no wear like silk, being both soft and cool. We had suffered our beards to grow; we had left off carrying arms, and nobody quarrelled or fought. Our provisions were long since gone, but we had palm-wine, such as the islanders make, and pandang, and we were dexterous at fishing. If we left one island and sailed to another, it was only for the sake of change, for sailors are always a restless folk; and we thought of nothing but to continue the joyful, easy, and happy life that we were leading.

"It was I, there being no officers left, who broke up this contentment, and called the men together to speak seriously. I pointed out to them very earnestly that we must resolve, and that immediately, whether we would settle upon some friendly island and break up the old ship, or whether we would without more delay attempt the voyage home. I told them that we were all rich men, and could take our ease for life, if only we succeeded in getting home; but that we had a leaky and crazy ship, with rotten cordage, worm-eaten planks, and foul bottom, and that we must first put her in some kind of repair before we could think of getting round Cape Horn, and if we did not speedily attempt these repairs the poor old barky would founder beneath us. The men lazily replied that they cared nothing whether the ship fell to pieces or no, and were content to live forever upon one of these islands among the blacks, of whose soft manner of life they were enamored, and wanted no more fighting or tempests. Such softness stealeth over the souls of all who dwell in these latitudes. This is the reason why the Creolian Spaniard—he of Mexico, Cuba, or Acapulco—is so poor a creature as compared with the Englishman, for the heat and softness of the air have sapped his courage and made him a coward. One or two among us, however, having still something left of courage, and some recollection of home, persuaded them to consent that we should, when we could find a convenient place, endeavor to heel the ship over and scrape her, stop the leak, if we could, and make her ship-shape for rougher weather.

"A few days afterward we came to a small archipelago, or collection of small islands. They were not the coral islands, which lie low, and are surrounded by a reef of coral, but were all like hill-tops, rising sheer and steep out of the water, green and wooded to the top, and apparently uninhabited. In one of these we found a curious natural dock or basin, deep and narrow, for all the world like the Greenland Dock at Redriffe, and as suitable for our purpose as if we had made it ourselves. Here we resolved to make our dock-yard, and to begin by heeling over the ship to get at her bottom. Wherefore, in case of accident, it was first agreed that we should put the treasure ashore in the only boat we possessed, the great storm having stove in the others. We lowered the boxes, and put in the boat five men, of whom I was one, with intent to row ashore, lay the gold in some safe place, and then return to tow the ship into this creek, or rocky natural dock. So we put off, thinking no danger, and rowed to land.

"Now mark what happened. The ship was lying, when we left her, in smooth water, all sails furled. There was no wind, not a breath of air; if we had dropped our kedge, which we could not, because there was no bottom, the ship would have ridden anchor apeak. The time of day was afternoon, when air and water are at their stillest; and she was in a kind of channel or narrow sea, with these islands all around, which I should say were quite desolate and uninhabited, yet full of trees and fruits, with plenty of fresh-water. We had no more than the length of a furlong to row, the water being deep and the shore of our island shelving steep down into the sea. We landed, hauled up the boat for fear of accident, and began to carry ashore the boxes, in order to lay them together under the trees. You think, perhaps, that a treasure of two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight is a mighty great matter. So it is, yet they may all be stowed in a few small boxes. We laid them down, then, and left them (no one being on the island except ourselves) at the foot of a palm.

"And there, my lads," Mr. Brinjes added, slowly—"there they are to this day. For sure and certain I am that no ship hath been among these islands since. And I know that I could find the place again."

"Why did you leave the treasure there?"

"You shall hear. When we got down to the shore again, a strange thing—nay, a miracle—had happened. The ship, which we left, as I said, only a furlong from the land, was now—as near as we could guess—two miles. She had none of her canvas spread; there was no breeze to speak of, and yet she was slipping through the water away from us at six knots an hour, as near as we could guess. Wonderful it was to see a ship, without wind or sails, moving so fast. Whether it was witchcraft—which I sometimes think—or a strong current, which may have been the cause, I cannot tell; but our ship had slipped away, and left us behind. We rowed after her; but a little boat, with one pair of oars, cannot overtake a vessel going six knots an hour, with two miles and more to overtake. Then we thought to make the crew put the ship about, if they could. We shouted and made signals; but, so far as we could discern, no one on board noticed. Perhaps the men were all bewitched, as, I think, must have happened; perhaps they were drinking or sleeping, because in those days they generally spent the time in sleep whenever they were not drinking or fishing. She seemed to move faster and faster, and the evening was coming on. The sun got low; we had only time to row ashore before the darkness was upon us; and the last we saw of the poor old ship was the sight of her spars, with the sinking sun behind them, and the red sky above, and the water spread out before us like a sheet of copper.

"What became of that ship and her company, I know not. But I doubt not that the craft is broken up, and the crew are all dead long ago. For either she struck a reef and was wrecked, and the crew drowned, having no boat, or—which may very well have happened—the leak grew upon her, and she made so much water that she foundered; or they may have made a raft, and landed on some island where they lived, and, in due course, died of too much palm-wine. And this was the best that could happen to them.

"As for us five men who were left upon the island, we hoped at first that the ship would come back for us, but she did not; then we made up our minds to stay there, and we built a kind of house, and made ourselves easy, and fished, and made pandang. No man need starve upon these islands. But after a while we grew tired of the life, and so resolved to attempt escape. So we buried the treasure at the foot of the palm where we had first laid it, and on the trunk we cut a mark; then we rigged a sail of palm leaves, calked the boat with cocoa fibre, took some water and such provisions as we could lay up in store, and so left our island, and sailed eastward. We were still among islands, and we sailed among them for many weeks—I know not how long. For still, when we were out of sight of one island, we would sight another and yet another, but not all friendly, nor all so soft and affectionate as those we had left behind us. So we crept on, from shore to shore and from cape to cape, until at last we reached the open sea, and no land in sight at all, and presently no provisions."

"And what happened then?"

"My lad," said Mr. Brinjes, "it is a terrible thing to be at sea with no provisions either to eat or to drink. Those who have water may go on for a long time, though I have been told that the body presently swells up and grows restless, and one must move about, which in a small boat is difficult. But to have neither food nor water! Then the men's eyes grow fierce and eager; horrible gnawing pains tear them to pieces. All day long they gaze upon the water for a sail, though they know, as we knew, that there can be no sail in those parts. At night they sleep not, but groan, and wish it were day. Then the pains increase, and one would willingly die but for the agony of death; and then the men cease looking upon the ocean, but look in each other's faces, none daring to say what is in every man's mind."

Here he was silent for a while.

"All this time we had a steady, gentle breeze, so that we sailed easily over smooth water; and all the time we were followed by a shark, which never left us, and was a certain prognostication of death, which we knew and understood. My lads, when that boat was picked up—which was by a Spanish brig sailing for the port of Acapulco—there was but one man left. All the rest had parted their cable, and the shark had eaten them—that is, some parts of them. The survivor hath never told any one how he kept himself alive. Perhaps he was able to catch a few fish; perhaps he caught a wild bird; perhaps it rained, and he caught the water as it fell. If ever you do pray for yourself, Jack—but it is best to take your own luck, and to pray for others—pray that you be never condemned to sail in an open boat without provisions." I have read in some book of shipwrecks that sailors have been known, in the extremity of their hunger, to kill each other for food. Did Mr. Brinjes and his boat's crew resort to this dreadful method?

"As for the treasure," he concluded, solemnly, "I have bequeathed it, Jack, to thee and to Bess Westmoreland here in equal parts. We will sail together some day and dig it up. I am old, but I shall not die until I have seen those seas again. We will go together, Jack, and thou shalt be rich. But even now thou art going thither, happy lad! When thy ship comes home, we will get a brig somehow, and sail away together—Captain Easterbrook in command—and steer for those islands. I know not their longitude, but as to latitude I am very sure they are about the parallel of 20 S. Oh, I shall find that archipelago. I cannot die until I have breathed those airs again and found the treasure. Jack, thou art heir to a greater estate than any man in England can boast. There is no earl or duke who shall hold up his head beside thee. Thou shalt be a prince, and Bess shall be a princess."

He rolled up his chart, and returned to his chair and his pillows, sinking into them with the exhausted air which made one perceive that he was already arrived at extreme old age.

"Forty years ago!" he groaned. "Where are they gone, those forty years which have taken away my strength? They made me a slave in Acapulco, a slave to a Creolian Spanish devil, who daily flogged and kicked me. Jack"—he sat upright, and his eye flashed fire—"when we have recovered the treasure we will burn the town of Acapulco, and roast alive every Spaniard in it. Oh, that I could have then got back to the island! But that I could not; and very soon I perceived that I must somehow escape, unless I was to be a slave for life, worse than a negro slave, and made to change my religion or burn. This, though I had lived among the islands like a Pagan, I was unwilling to do. I therefore ran away, and committed myself to the Indians, by whom I was taken across the Isthmus of Panama, where I lived in the woods among my friends the savages for two years and more before I could find an English ship among those which came trading for mahogany to the coast of Yucatan which would take me off. So that of all that long journey I brought back to Jamaica with me but one thing—my blue stone for the cure of snake bites." He pulled it out of his pocket. "When you are bitten by any of the reptiles and insects of the forest, even by the most-venomous, you may apply this stone (I have tried it on myself after a deadly snake bite), which sticks on the place, and doth not fall off till it hath sucked up all the poison, when it drops of its own weight, and must be put into milk before you can use it again. Forty years ago! When I was young and could enjoy! Life mocks us, Jack. Sometimes I think that we are the sport and the laughter of the gods; but we know nothing. It flies before you have more than tasted of its joys. Give me fifty years more—only fifty years—and set me on the African coast among the Coromantyns, and I will find the secret which their wise women know. It is in the African forests that the herb grows which can cure all disease, even the disease of old age. With my treasure I could buy it, or find it, or compel them to yield it up. Happy boy! happy boy! Go breathe those airs of heaven, and gaze upon those purple islands. If thou lightest upon an archipelago somewhere in latitude 20 degrees south, where the islands are like hill-tops covered with wood, search for one which has on its north side a creek like a natural dock, then look for a palm-tree marked with a cross, and dig beneath it for a treasure. But if thou dost not find that island, then when thy ship comes home we will go together and seek for it, and find the treasure—thine inheritance!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEWBURGH MONUMENT.

"WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS" at Newburgh, on a bluff of the Hudson River, is a picturesque old farm-house with a steep gray roof, and nearly in front of it the United States government have decided to erect a monument at a cost of $35,000. The structure will be a tower of undressed bluestone, quarried in the neighborhood, thirty-seven feet long, thirty-two feet deep, and fifty-three feet high, and will rest on four broad arches opening into an atrium, in the centre of which will stand a bronze statue of WASHINGTON, while just beneath the roof will be a platform or lookout, large enough to accommodate three hundred persons.

The idea of the architect, Mr. JOHN H. DUNCAN, of this city, was to build a belvedere, from which the magnificent view of mountain and river could be advantageously seen by the more than 100,000 annual visitors at WASHINGTON'S Head-quarters. The roof of the tower will be covered with Akron glazed tile, of a color to be decided upon hereafter, each tile to be secured to an iron frame by heavy copper wire, and will be supported by thirteen columns, typical of the original thirteen States of the Union. The interior of the tower will be lined with terra-cotta brick so as to form a panelled wainscot ten feet high, and will contain two circular staircases; the exterior will show four niches for statues, two on the east wall and two on the west. The steps to the atrium will be of granite, and its floor a rough mosaic of small cobble-stones set in Portland cement; and the bronze statue of WASHINGTON, for the centre of the atrium, will be seven feet high from the under side of the plinth to the top of the head, after an original model by Mr. WILLIAM R. O'DONOVAN, which, according to the contract, must be delivered to the National Museum at Washington, and never reproduced again. Mr. O'DONOVAN will at once proceed with his part of the work. He will represent the Father of his Country as standing erect, his right hand upon the hilt of his sword, which has just been returned to its scabbard. A bronze tablet commemorative of the closing scenes of the war of Independence will be affixed to the east front of the tower, at the right of the arch. Ground will be broken about the 1st of September, and the monument will be finished within a year.

The projectors hope to see bronze coats of arms on the thirteen columns that support the roof, bronze statues of WASHINGTON'S Generals in the niches, and bronze bas-reliefs in the panels of the terra-cotta wainscot. But the contract, which has been awarded to Mr. MAURICE J. POWER, proprietor of a foundry in this city, does not call for any of these decorations.

THE VOLCANOES IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE recent volcanic outburst and earthquake in New Zealand will not take a place among the historic catastrophes of this nature by reason of its destruction of life or of the results of human industry. The number of lives lost was not large, the habitations destroyed were few, and the area blighted was small. But no other volcanic action—at least no other volcanic action within the period covered by history—ever presented so grand a spectacle or wrought the destruction of such unique natural curiosities. The scene of the disturbance is the celebrated lake district of North Island, and Lake Rotomahana, the centre of the disturbance, where the irreparable loss of the White and Pink Terraces was wrought, is about 100 miles southeast of the city of Auckland. This lake district is an arc of about 120 miles north and south by 20 miles east and west. It is the scene and its curiosities were the creations of former volcanic disturbances. Its mountains are volcanic cones; everywhere there are boiling springs, jets of steam, mud volcanoes, and geysers. This is the celebrated region where the Maoris once cooked their captives and yet cook their food in kettles made by volcanic action and heated by subterranean fires. The latest, and to most readers, perhaps, the most familiar description of this marvellous region is that in Mr. FROUDE'S recently published volume on Oceana. "Here," he wrote, "will be the chief sanitary station of the future for the South Sea English," and he might have said one of the chief sanitary stations of the world. The terraces, which were unique curiosities, and it may be said the most beautiful natural curiosities on the globe, were situated one at one end and the other at the other end of the small Lake Rotomahana.

They were "crystal staircases," stainless as ice, which spread out from the highest points like fans, and widened at the margin of the lake at the bottom to a width of 200 yards. Behind the summits volumes of steam rose out of boiling fountains, and from these the siliceous streams had flowed for ages and made the beautiful staircases down which they ran and to which they continued to add. The height of each of these steps or terraces was six or seven feet. The silica had crystallized with perfect evenness. The water cooled as it flowed down, and a succession of baths, every one warmer than the preceding, can be enjoyed during the ascent. The White Terrace was nearly the color (or colorlessness) of ice, and the Pink Terrace of a pale rose-color, caused, it is said, by the oxide of iron. At the foot of every cascade of this terrace the water lay in pools of ultramarine. "The hue of this water," wrote Mr. FROUDE, "was something which I had never seen, and shall never see again this side of eternity. Not the violet nor the harebell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers; not turquoise, not sapphire, not the unfathomable ether itself, could convey to one who has not looked on it a sense of that supernatural loveliness." DOMETT, the poet, has but literally described the White Terrace in the following lines:

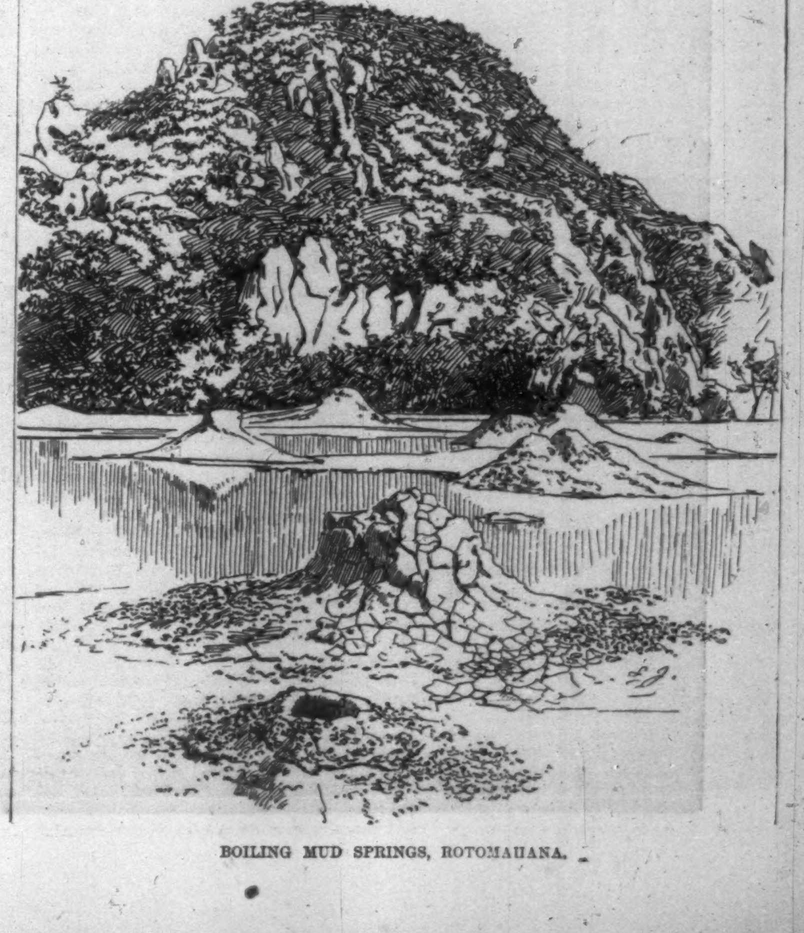
> "For as they gain a rugged road,
> And cautious climb the solid rime,
> Each step becomes a terrace broad,
> Each terrace a wide basin brimmed
> With water, brilliant yet in hue,
> The tenderest delicate harebell blue
> Deepening to violet!
>
> "Upwelling ever, amethystal,
> Ebullient comes the bubbling crystal,
> Still growing cooler and more cool
> As down the porcelain stairway slips
> The fluid flint, and slowly drips,
> And hangs each basin's curling lips
> With crusted fringe each year increases."

Adjacent to Lake Rotomahana is Mount Tarawera, which rises to a height of 2690 feet. It is an extinct volcano, but it has not been in eruption within the period covered by the Maori traditions, which are supposed to go back a thousand years. The natives have from immemorial times regarded it as sacred, and on its summit their dead have been deposited from a remote antiquity. It is holy ground, and is *tapu*. Their superstition is that if an alien ascend the mountain a great disturbance would follow; and they stubbornly maintain that the recent volcanic action was caused by an alien's trespassing on this sacred ground.

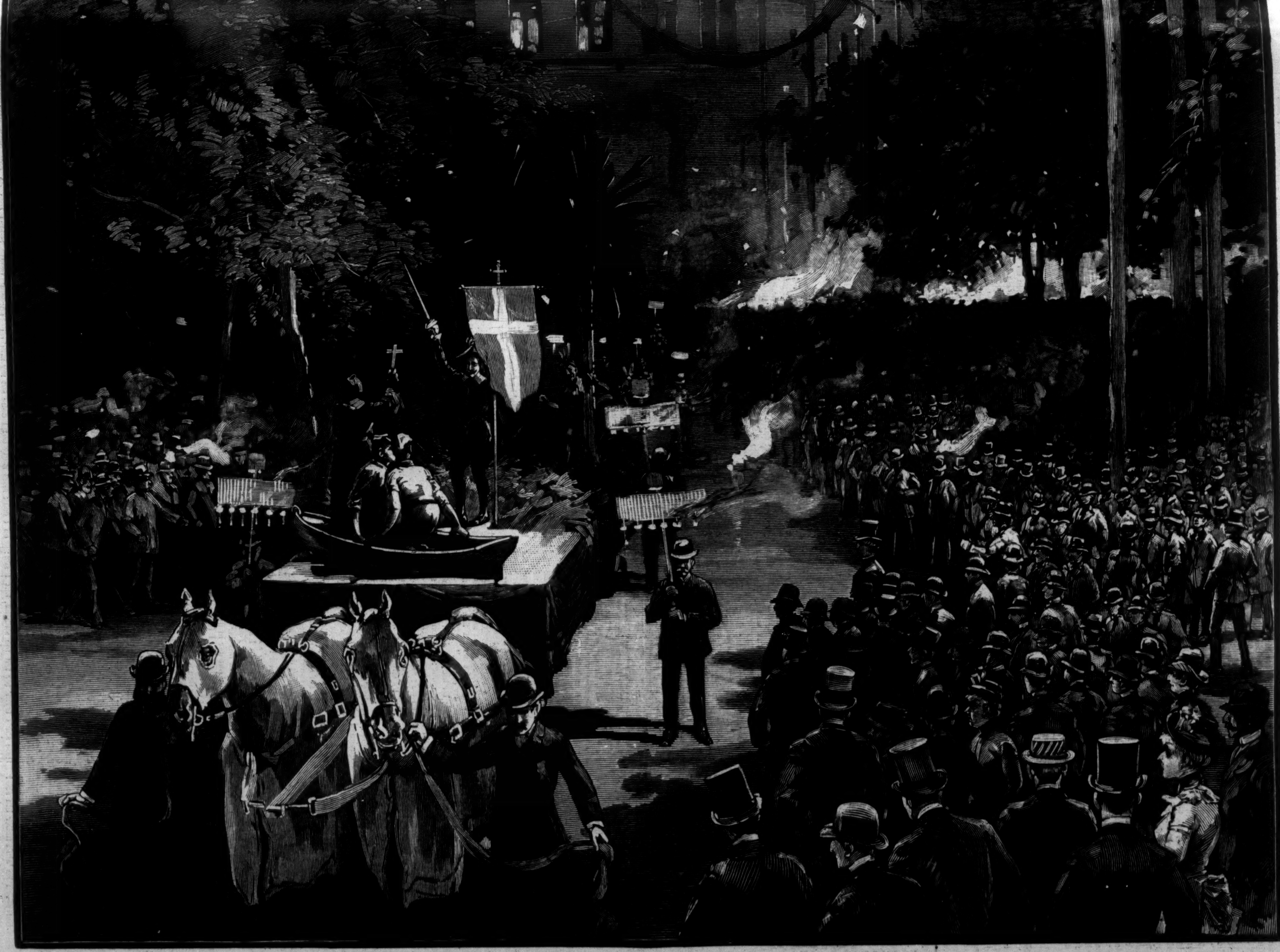
It was on Mount Tarawera that the recent disturbance began. There were shocks of earthquake felt early in the morning of June 10; but earthquakes have not been so uncommon in New Zealand that a shock should cause great surprise. This was followed a few hours later by the falling in of one side of the mountain, and forthwith the volcanic action began. Flame, balls of fire, and ashes were emitted from as many as eight craters. The subterranean disturbance thus caused broke the crust of earth which formed the basin of Lake Rotomahana, itself the crater of an extinct volcano whose more violent prehistoric action was continued mildly by the boiling springs which formed the terraces, and the lake sank to the fires below. Up it came again, not as boiling springs, but as a great caldron. Mud was thrown, it is thought, more than 1000 feet high. Craters burst through the beautiful terraces, and the configuration of the mountain and lake were wholly changed. The vertical motion of the emitted matter, and the heat that was released, caused atmospheric disturbances, which produced a hurricane that uprooted trees far beyond the area of the volcanic shower proper, and carried mud and sand many miles. The flames from the craters, huge volumes of smoke from the boiling lake, and showers of mud, balls of fire flung to a great height, the play of unnaturally fierce lightning, all accompanied by quakings of the earth, produced such a spectacle as perhaps the eyes of man never before saw. At a distance of twenty miles the clouds of smoke made it dark as night during the forenoon. People at Rotoma, which is not less than twenty miles distant, made their way about the streets with lanterns, and the earth was covered nearly an inch deep within a few hours with a whitish dust which gave forth a sulphurous odor.

There was a settlement near the terraces where a few Europeans lived, chiefly as hotel-keepers. Fortunately it was the season when fewest tourists visit Rotomahana. Every house in the settlement was destroyed, broken down by the weight of falling mud, which covered the ground to a depth of five feet, or burned by the balls of sulphurous matter on fire which fell from the craters. For miles further than the mud shower extended the earth is covered with whitish dust which is in appearance much like snow. Less than a dozen Europeans in the settlement, strange to say, perished, but there were two or three settlements of natives so near the centre of the volcanic activity that at least one hundred of them were killed.

The fierce volcanic action ceased after the first day, but several of the craters remained active for more than a week. The beautiful lake ceased to emit tons of mud, but the boiling springs were so active and so numerous, and the emission of steam so strong, that for a fortnight after the first eruption the precise nature of the changes wrought could not be ascertained. The terraces were destroyed, but it is an interesting speculation for geologists whether or not the lake will reappear and other terraces be formed. There was for several days a general disturbance of the geysers and warm springs throughout the whole region, but except within the blighted territory the Maoris continue to cook their food in nature's kettles and to wallow in warm mud baths; and the health-seeker will find the same qualities of water and air that have made this lake region the "chief sanitary station of the South Sea English." But the traveller who never saw the terraces must now die without any sight comparable to them.



BOILING MUD SPRINGS, ROTOMAHANA.



THE BICENTENNIAL OF ALBANY—THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CITY HALL.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM AND W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

MY MISS NANNY'S LITTLE GAL.

"DEBBY," sez Zach ter me, ez he wuz stan'in' in de winder edgin' up de razors, "'pears ter me like dat dar little room upsta'rs look sorter lonesome."

"Zach," sez I, mighty short, "s'posin' yer quit shettin' off de light twell I git dis yere buzzum i'oned?"

Zach look like he 'spec' I wanter drap de subjec'; but dese yere yaller niggahs boun' ter parsevere long ez dey got breff, en he jes mosey roun' tudder side er de winder en sail in agin.

"I say, Debby," he ax, "w'at done come er dem lodgers, ennyhow? 'Tain't long sence you bin countin' a heap on dat ar rent."

"Look yer, Zach," I sez, "jes yer keep yo' finger in de pomatum pot, en lef' my pie 'lone."

'Tain't ebry day I lights down like dat onter de husban' er my 'fections, but *w'en I does*, you better bliebe he gwine ter shet up closer'n a snappin'-turtle.

Now de fac' ob de matter wuz, w'en I got dat ar front cham'er furbished up wid de Turkey red curtains in de winders, en de bran'-new cottage set wid de bokays painted on it, en de 'broidered table kiver w'at ole Miss gub me on de little stan' 'side de bed, I jes can't bide de notion er no po' trash settin' foot in dar. Leastways dat's w'at I done tole myse'f; 'fo' long I know'd 'twar de Lawd stid er ole Debby's 'crastinations, w'at bin presarbin dat ar spring bed en dat ar span-new mattress. Why, honey, de fedders w'at dem big pillers wuz stuffed wid I done bring fum 'way down Souf. My ole gran'mammy war de queen ob de poultry-ya'd. Dar wa'n't a darky on de plantation could fotch up de young turkeys like she could; en ez fur de geese w'at she hed de raisin' ob, why, dey wuz no mo' like dese low-down geese yer sees wadin' roun' de puddles up Norf dan wheat-pone's like hoe-cake. But mebbe you's wond'rin' w'at Zach en me's doin' 'way up Norf, en how we come by dis yere 'spectable house en lot; fer cul'd folks ain't got de name er bein' ve'y fo'-handed.

De barber bizness? Yes, honey, de shavin' trade's fus rate, but twar ole Miss gub us de fus start. Yer see, I wa'n't none er yo' fiel' trash; I wuz brung up mighty keerful, same ez ole mammy, ceppin fur de trablin en de sight-seein' w'at gub mammy a kin'er s'perior air ober de res' ob de niggahs. Mammy neber done talkin' 'bout de eddication w'at ole Miss gub her, dough, fur de matter er dat, I reckon it wa'n't no mo'n my Miss Nanny gub me, but 'pear'd like mammy could'n' neber fergit dem lessons in ha'r-dressin' w'at ole Miss hed her larn fum one er dem madams w'en dey wuz in Paris. Ole Miss war ter'ble hansum en high-sperrited in dem days; en she couldn' year tell er no fur-off place outen she'd go gaddin' dar. Dar wa'n't no sich doin's in my time. But, ez I wuz savin', I wuz brung up wid de fam'ly—doin' nuffin fum mawnin ter night, o'ny taggin' roun' like I wuz de no 'count shadder ob my Miss Nanny—but atter de baby come I 'lowed it war time Debby wuz arnin' her salt. Ole mammy war nigh onter de en' er de rope, dough she war mighty ambitious, en 'clared she gwineter raise one chile fer Miss Nanny. Co'se ole Miss boun' ter humor her, so dey gub her a big cheer 'fo' de nurs'ry fire, en de bossin' ob de job; but ole Miss she wink at me. En bimeby dey all mighty pleased wid de way I fotch de baby 'long fro' de coleric, en de teef, en all de res' ob de troubles; en dreckly de silber dollars come a-drappin' in Debby's pocket. En ebry time Mars Jack come home (he trabbled a heap way off yan) he gwine come in de nurs'ry en look at de baby, en sclaim, "By Jobe, Debby, dat's a bouncer!" En dar I stan' grinnin' like I's mighty proud; en dreckly Debby got a fibe-dollar gol' piece. One day ole Miss she sez ter me, "Debby, you better sabe dat ar money ginst you en Zach gits married." En, sho nuff, I done hark w'at ole Miss got ter say, kase de care ob de baby done stiddy me pow'ful.

Well, fus I know, little Miss she's mos' grow'd up, en I reckoned dar wa'n't no sich chile in de State er Georgy. Lor', but she war putty, 'long wid dem sof'ly little ways jes like Miss Nanny, on'y Miss Nanny war sorter sad like, but little Miss war full er laugh en fun like Mars Jack, en dar wa'n't a cabin on de place w'at didn' 'low de sun wuz shinin' on it ef de light er her eyes so much ez turned dat way. Menny's de long winter eb'nin' endurin' de wa' dat Zach en me's sot by de fire callin' to min' de capers ob dat chile, en Zach he sez, "D'yer rec'lect, Debby, de night little Miss done come in de kitchen en make ole Pomp mighty 'shamed er hisse'f?"

"You go 'long, Zach," I sez; "yer don' reckon I's gwine ter *disremember* nuffin 'bout dat ar chile, does yer?"

Lor'! I kin see de cl'ar face ob dat blessed lamb comin' stealin' out dar, 'way fum de ole folks in de pa'lor, war we's geddered round de fire tellin' skeery ya'ns. De chile she ax Pomp w'at he so feared ob dat he dasn go ter de poultry-ya'd atter dark 'out totin' po' ole Dinah 'long. Pomp he look mighty sheepish, en he 'low he skeered ob de doctors.

"De doctors!" sclaims little Miss.

"Yes; de young ones in de cullidge is de wuss," splains Pomp. "De Lord sabe me, Miss Betty, ef I 'ain't know'd a young niggah w'at wuz gwine 'long de road one er dese yer dark nights, w'en fust he know dar's a hack come creepin' 'long in de shadder ob de cottonwoods, en 'fo' he know'd war he come fum, fo' young doctors jump outen de hack, en grab 'im, en clap a plaster crost 'is mouf, en kerry 'im off ter de cullidge, en dar dey spread 'im out on a kin'er long table, en dey insec' 'im."

"Insec' him!" says Miss Betty. "W'at's dat?"

"Why, dey hacked 'im all to bits—sho nuff dey did, Miss Betty—en he 'ain't neber bin seed nor heerd ob sence," splains Pomp.

En *den*—Lor'! how Miss Nanny's little gal done laugh! She laugh twell de smoky old rafters ring like dey's hung wid silber bells.

Well, 'bout de time de wa' broke out, ole Marster died, en w'en ole Miss seed w'at war comin'—she had er long head, ole Miss had—she done sen' fer me en Zach, en she sez, "Zach, you en Debby better git married, en go Norf, en set up in de barberin' bizness." Zach bin Marster's body-servant, en Marster 'low'd he wuz mighty handy wid de razor. Well, de long en de short ob de bizness wuz dat we come away Norf, en bimeby w'en de wa' wuz ober, en we know'd dat de ole plantation wuz done busted, we 'gin curin' ourse'ves er mo'nin' ter go back, en set 'bout makin' a home fer ourse'ves in dis yere place. But dar ain't no times eber come like de ole ones. Howsomeber, me en Zach's mighty bleeged ter de folks up Norf. Dey wuz pow'ful kin' ter two po' niggahs w'at wuz mighty low in deir sperrits, pierced wid de pangs er homesickness, en stabbed wid de cole March win'. "Lor', Debby," Zach sez ter me, "'pears like dey don' know de dif'ence twixt niggahs en white folks up yere." "Zach," I sez, mighty solum like, "de sun's shinin' on de cul'd folks 'bout dis time *sho*, en you jes go 'long en edge up de imp'ements, en git inter de fiel' fas' eber yer kin," en I kep' er proddin' at Zach twell I done got 'im dar. Zach's one er dese yere niggahs w'at wants ter sit down en 'joy hisse'f long ez de sun's shinin', en s'uade hissef he ain't got no use fer de hay; but I's boun' ter own dat de way he scooped in de shinplasters fer de nex' few years made me hol' my breff.

Well, bimeby dar come a letter fum ole Miss, en law, honey, how I did hug dat ar piece er paper, en cry ober it too, dough dar wa'n't sich a heap ob it nudder, fer ole Miss wuz gittin 'long in years, en her eyes wuz po', en her han' wuz mighty shaky; but dar wuz enuff ter wawm Debby's heart like de ole Georgy sunshine. Howsomeber, it bring er heap er bad news. My ole gran'mammy wuz dead; Mars Jack bin killed in de wa'; en my Miss Nanny wuz bery po'ly; en law' sakes! how quar it did seem dat little Miss wuz married, en done move inter town! "She's makin' er heap er little fixin's," sez ole Miss, "en she sez, Tell my dear ole Debby dat I'd gib de worl' ef she wuz on'y yere ter raise de baby." How I did feas' my eyes on dat ar sentence! en ef it hadn' er bin fer Zach, w'at wuz keppin hisse'f so stidy sence he come up Norf, 'way fum de udder niggahs, I'd er tuk de ve'y nex' train back ter Georgy.

Atter dat de mont's drag slow, en Zach he twitted me 'bout bein' homesick; en I reckon I wuz, fer I did er heap er studyin' in my min', 'bout dem ole frien's w'at wuz po' en mis'able; en w'en I didn' git no mo' letters I sot down en writ ter my cousin Tildy, w'at useter b'long ter ole Mars Hardin, en axed her ter tell me all 'bout my ole Miss, en de fam'ly. She's got er heap er larnin, Tildy hez. Her husban' keeps a rest'rant in de town, en Tildy she's sec'tary ob *dis* s'ciety, en treas'rer ob *dat*, en dar ain't neber no doin's in de church but dey boun' ter make a committee ob Tildy Bowlin, *sho*.

Well, w'en de answer come back I wuz mos' sorry I done writ, fer dar wuz trouble dis time sho nuff. Ole Miss wuz dead, en my Miss Nanny wuz dead, en at de bery en' ob de letter Tildy she sez: "I don' bliebe dat marriage ob Miss Betty's done turn out so mighty good. I don' know, but I s'pec' she ain't happy; she don' look like she wuz. Mars Dick Hardin come er mighty gaily stock. Dar neber war no settlement ter de men er dat fam'ly, nohow. Dar's a sperritless look 'bout Miss Betty, en a subdu'ness 'bout de manner ob her actions, w'at sot me studyin' 'bout her; en it 'ain't bin jes lately nudder—I done tuk notice ob de change right smart piece 'fo' de dead baby come, w'at wuz a fine boy, en Mars Dick wuz mighty cut up."

Well, I wuz ter'ble low down fer a good spell atter dat letter come; but bimeby we sot ter buildin' d[illegible] house, en dat sorter tuk up my min'; en w'en [illegible] all settled under ou' own fig-tree I gits mo' [illegible]'ful like. Den dar come one col' night, w'en I's sittin' 'side de kitchen fire, all 'lone by myse'f. De sheriff wuz dead, en Zach bin sent fur ter come shabe 'im, en I 'spec' dat sot me ter studyin' 'bout all de dead folks I wuz 'quainted wid, fer bimeby I gits mighty skeery, sittin' dar wid my han's clasped roun' my knee, en I s'picion I year somebody fumblin' wid de gate latch, en I lis'en, en I lis'en, en bimeby, sho nuff, I year sof'ly steps comin' up de walk, en den I year de snow a-crunchin' on de steps, en dar comes a rap at de do', mighty feeble like. Law sakes! but I wuz skeered. I git in de fur co'ner 'hind de stobe, en I won' budge. Den dar come dat knock agin, mo' sof'ly dan fust; en den I jes draw'd myse'f up, en I straightens my turban, en I sez, stern like, "*You Debby*, you open dat do'! how you know but dar may be some po' sick cre'tur' stan'in' out dar in de col'?" Den I springs crost de kitchen, en I frows open de do', en, honey, w'at you reckon my ole eyes see stan'in' dar? Nuffin less dan w'at I takes fer de ghos' er my Miss Nanny's little gal! en I fotch up agin de do' wid a groan, en lean dar starin', wid de tongue cleabin ter de roof er my mouf. Den I see de chile's lips a-movin', but dar don' come no soun'. En I sez ter myself, "Ghos' or no ghos', it's de chile I done raise." En I opens my arms, en takes her inter dem, en dat minute she done fin' her tongue.

"Be keerful ob de baby, Debby," she sez; en den I sees w'at's in de bundle she's kerryin'.

"Gib it ter ole Debby," I sez; en dreckly I's got my po' honey in de cha'r by de fire. Dar under de table stan's de big clo's basket, wid de i'onin' blanket in it, en I jes pulls dat out by de stobe, en puts de baby in it. Den I loosens Miss Betty's frock, en falls ter rubbin' de life back inter de chile wid my big w'am han's; en all de time she's tryin' ter tell me sumpin, but I sez: "Don' yer tell me nuffin' ter-night honey; I knows all 'bout it," I sez, tryin' to soobe her.

"Yer got sorter lonesome down dar, wid Miss Nanny en Mars Jack en ole Miss en Marster all gone en lef' yer, en yer gits de notion ter come up yere en see ole Debby once mo'. Dat's natchul enuff, honey," I sez, tryin' ter speak keerless like, en all de time my ole teef wuz chatterin' in my head like I bin yearin' de las' trump.

Jes den I year Zach foolin' wid de gate, en I slip out en grab 'im 'fo' he gits ter de do', en I sez, "Zach, Miss Nanny's little gal er her ghos', I ain't jes sartin w'ich, is settin' in dar by de kitchen fiah." Dreckly I got ter gib Zach er shake, en I sez. "You Zach, dis ain't no time fer kerryin' on! dar's a heap er trubble bin er comin', en don' lemme ketch you actin' like dar wuz ennyting quar 'bout dat chile comin' wand'rin' up Norf, stan'in' at my do' shiv'rin' in de dead er night. You jes slip in en make er fiah in de front cham'er." So sayin', I draw'd Zach inter de light, en dar he stan' blinkin' at little Miss; en den I know'd she warn't no ghos', fer she up en grab Zach's han' in bofe er her'n, en smilin' sad, jes like Miss Nanny, she sez, "Why, Zach, it's like ole times ter see you!" en Zach he look mighty shuck, but he hel' onter hisse'f pow'ful.

Dreckly de front cham'er git wa'm I tuk Miss Betty en de baby upsta'rs, en lan'! but little Miss done pleased wid de 'pearance er dat dar room. "Why, Debby!" she sclaims, "how sweet en cosy!"

"Miss Betty," I sez, solemn like, "de Laud Hisse'f done tol' me neber let no po' trash sot foot in dis yere room; but I neber dream w'at fer He's keepin' it puh en mackerlate—dat it war fer my Miss Nanny's little gal."

W'en I 'gin ondressin' little Miss, I 'member dat de baggage 'ain't come yit. I wuz washin' den fer Lawyer Shepa'd's wife, en dar wuz two night dresses on de ba's. Now I ain't no stealin' niggah, but I run down en snatch one er dem ga'ments offen de ba's like er flash; en I tuk de one w'at's kivered wid 'broid'rin' en lacery. I's er hones' niggah, but I couldn' no mo' er holped takin' de fines' dar wuz fer Miss Nanny's little gal dan I could er holped eatin' roas' 'possum.

Miss Betty neber paid no 'tention ter de gown, en w'en I got her inter de bed, en de baby asleep on her arm, she 'pears so narvous en upsot dat I made a pallet on de flo' by de side ob de bed, en laid dar all night, re'chin' up en smoovin' her han', twell bimeby she drapt off ter sleep, breavin' jes ez peaceful ez dat dar baby er hern.

But nex' mawnin', w'en I come upsta'rs wid her brekfus on a bran'-new sarver, she wuz huggin' en kissin' de baby, en cryin' like her heart wuz broke. "Oh, Debby," she sobs, "de trubble dat is come ter me is mo'n I kin stan'. Sit down, Debby, en lis'en twell I tell you."

"Now, honey," I sez, mighty coaxin', "jes yer look at dese yere Marylan' biscuit w'at I bin beatin' sence daylight, all fer my young Miss. Now you 'ain't got de heart ter go back on dis m'lifl'us brekfus, is yer?"

"No, Debby," she sez, dryin' her eyes, "I won' go back on nuffin yo' dear ole han's is done fer me," en she eats er tol'ble good meal, atter all. En one way en nudder I keeps puttin' her off frum tellin' 'bout her trubbles—mo'n de bar' fac' dat her husban' bin treatin' her bad, en dreckly she slip off en come up Norf ter res' her po' ti'ed head on ole Debby's buzzum, en dar don' nobody know whar she is. But bimeby I sits down on de sly en writes ter Cousin Tildy. I sez, mighty cautious like, dat rumors has reached me dat dar's sumpin wrong wid my little Miss, en dat I wanter know all 'bout w'at de trubble is. En, bress you, honey, dat dar answer come flyin' back mos' 'fo' I git dat letter mailed. En, law sakes! dar wuz 'citement nuff in dar ter bust de kiver. Tildy she sez de town wuz talkin' deirse'ves blind. Miss Betty done gone, nobody knowed whar, en Mars Dick wuz talkin' 'bout gittin' er divo'ce. Den she went on tellin' me er heap er w'at de old Tabbys bin sayin' 'bout de chile I done raise. "Yer see," sez Tildy, "de trubble wuz gwineter come ennyhow, fus' er las', but I reckon Mars Dick wuz kin'er riled kase de las' baby wuz a gal. Hit's a lubly chile, wid dem big eyes de cullah er vi'lets. Dey ain't like Mars Dick's, en dey ain't like Miss Betty's, ner Miss Nanny's nudder, but dey's de libin image er ole Gran'ma Hardin's, en I's bin er mentionin' dat ar fac' twell my jaw done ache. Dey can't nobody make me bliebe no harm er Miss Betty—ner no good er Mars Dick nudder. One day jes 'fo' dey wuz marr'ed I wuz down ter de rest'rant helpin' Nat wid a stag dinner, en dar wuz Mars Dick pourin' down de wine en leadin' de talk; en ez I wuz stan'in' by de slide I year 'em 'scussin' de wirtue er women. 'Wirtue!' sez Mars Dick, mighty contempt'ous; 'now yer's talkin' foolishness. Dar ain't de woman bawn w'at yer don' wanter keep yo' eye on.' Dreckly I year dat, I sez ter myse'f, 'Young man, dat's all I keer ter know 'bout you.'"

Well, I wuz readin' dat letter ober fer de fif' time w'en I year Miss Betty comin' down-sta'rs, en I jump like I wuz shot, en drap it in de stobe, en go scurryin' roun' tossin' up a pone fer de chile's supper, stoppin' now en agin to feas' my ole eyes on de putty young cre'tur' settin' in de low rockin'-chair smilin' en cooin' at de baby. She look like she ain't much mo'n a baby herse'f, wid de sof' little rings er ha'r curlin' roun' her face.

Dat night atter I gits Miss Betty en de baby tucked in bed, en sees 'em drappin' off ter sleep, I slips down-sta'rs en writes anudder letter ter Tildy, kase I wanter keep de run er w'ats gwine on down dar. W'en de letter's done writ, en de kiver licked down, I gub it a poun' wid my fis', en I sez, "Dar! I boun' I didn' let no cat outen dat dar bag."

Well, de answer kin'er slow 'bout comin' back, en one day en anudder done slip along. I sot little Miss ter 'broid'rin' er cloak fer de baby, kase I make out de ole one bin smutted on de kyars, en I coax Miss Betty dat I done sot my min' on takin' dat baby out vis'tin', en my ole Miss gran'-chile boun' ter be rigged out mighty fine; en one day I wuz chucklin' ter myse'f watchin' Miss Betty 'broid'rin' away so cheerful like, en stoppin' now en agin for a frolic wid de baby, w'en dar come a rap down-sta'rs at de front do', en kin'er startle Miss Betty. I hurry up, en git down en open de do', en I 'clar' ter goodness! dar stan' de han'somest young gemman w'at my eyes eber behol'en. "Will yer be so kin' ez ter gib dis kyard ter Mis' Hardin?" he sez, steppin' inter de hall 'fo' I got er chance ter cotch my breff; en he look at me wid dem kin'er purple-blue eyes, en seems like I done got er slap in de face. I opens de settin'-room do' sorter dazed, en goes upsta'rs. Dreckly little Miss kotch sight er de kyard she cry out, "Oh, my God! Debby, how dey fin' me out?" Den she read de name, "Doctor St. John," en she grab hol' er de foot er de bed, trem'lin' like er leaf w'at's shuck wid de win'.

"Gimme leabe ter go sen' 'im packin'," I sez, mighty fierce.

"'Twouldn' do no good," she sez; "he wouldn' go outen I tole 'im he mus'. You fotch de baby en stay close by in de kitchen," she sez, startin' fer de do'.

I waits a bit, en den I slips down-sta'rs. De kitchen do' wuz stan'in' ajog, so I kin year a heap er w'ats goin' on in de settin'-room. His v'ice wuz one er dem low but cl'ar sort; but ez fer little Miss, dar wa'n't life nuff in her talk ter re'ch nowhar; on'y now en agin I could kotch w'at she wuz sayin'.

"'Ain't I kep' qui't long nuff?" I heerd him axin' her, mighty stern. "Did I eber utter er syl'ble w'at er wife oughtn' ter year whilst you wuz under his roof?" he axes.

"De good Lord be praised!" I groans, under my breff.

"Didn' I put a mighty curb 'tween my teef de night I come dar en fin' you half dead fum de life dat scoun'rel bin leadin' yer?" he axes agin—"en I dat would gib my life ter p'tec' yer. But I ain't gwine ter try ter smudder it down no mo'," he sez, drawin' his cheer nigher Miss Betty.

Lor'! but I sits dar quakin' in my shoes.

"Hits all changed now," he sez; "you can't neber go back dar no mo'." Den I los' de res' er de sentence. Den Miss Betty ax 'im sumpin w'at I don' ketch, but I year 'im answer dat dar *ain't* nobody 'ceptin' hit's ole Mis' Prentiss en de little white-ha'red parson. En he 'clared ef de angel Gabr'el wuz ter p'claim de trufe dey wouldn' bliebe it.

Den Miss Betty 'gin speakin' kin'er fas', en I can't make out nuffin but de sob w'at she done en' up wid. Den 'pears like he's reasonin', en tryin' fer ter comfo't her, tellin' her not ter go worryin' her little head 'bout 'im, kase *he* kin go back dar termorrow, en pick up de doctorin' whar he done lef' off. He 'clar' dey mighty skeery folks down dar w'en dey git sick, en dey boun' ter hab er doctor w'at kin *cu'* 'em. He 'lowed dey don' kyar ef he come on er cloben foot, long ez he fotch de rem'dies. "But I reckon dey's gwine ter suffer," he sez, "fer de ole gov'nor's quit gwine out nights, en I'm off fer Paris ter spen' a couple er years, mebbe mo'."

I lis'en right sharp den ter year w'at's comin'. Miss Betty she gub er little cough, but hit soun' like she's swallerin' a sob.

"Betty," he sez—how dar' he speak like dat ter my Miss Nanny's little gal?—"Betty," he sez, "yer ain't gwine ter let me go off dar alone, is yer?" En den, law sakes, honey, de pow'r en de 'suasion, en de music er de v'ice, w'at j'ined fer ter witch dat chile, ain't fer me ter put in my po' niggah langwidge. Why, I 'clar' ter goodness, ef it hadn't bin fer de bringin' up ole Miss gub me, I spec' I fall down on dat dar kitchen flo' en cry out, "Go 'long, Miss Betty, go 'long wid de man w'at lub you like dat." But ole Debby ain't none er yo' po' ign'ant niggahs w'at can't make out de law en de gospel. Law, no! Solermon ain't no stranger ter her, en she jes sot dar bolt-upright waitin' fer de en'. Lor' but 'twar er long time comin'. Free blessed hours de v'ice er de tempter wuz wraslin wid dat chile's princ'ple, but bimeby he done gub it up. Miss Betty she follow 'im ter de do', en dar ole Satan gub one mo' prod wid his pitchfo'k. Dar stan' de young man lookin' like he done step outen one er dem old fambly po'traits. "You done spurn my lub fer de las' time," he sez, en den he 'gin picturin' w'at de future got in sto' fer de po' chile wid "no frien's but er couple er ign'ant darkies," he sez, "en nuffin ter lib fer." He done fergit de *baby*, po' b'nighted young man!

"Dis is good-by fereber, Betty," he sez, lookin' like his heart wuz broke; en dreckly little Miss drap his han', en he goes stridin' down de walk like he's makin' fer de jumpin'-off place.

I jes drap de baby in de clothes-basket, en slip up ahin little Miss, fer I see her ketchin onter de do', en jes dat minute she re'ch out her two han's, en I year de words, "Come back! come back!" tryin' to 'scape fum her trem'lin' lips, en I jes grab her in my two arms, en shet de do' quick, en dat young man neber know'd how near he bin ter hebben, ner hell nudder, mo'n likely.

Well, I hel' dat chile in my arms mo'n an hour, en 'pears like she 'ain't got no life lef' in her. But young folks kin lib fru er heap er trubble, en dat's de way it wuz wid Miss Betty.

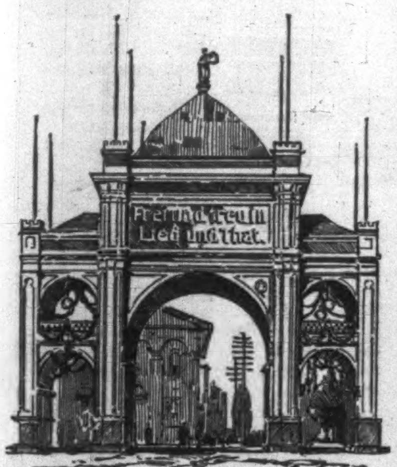
Dey say it ain't natchul fer de 'fairs er dis worl' ter turn out like dey do in readin' books. Mo' times it *ain't*, en mo' times it *am*; but dis yer time it *am*. Dar come one day—nigh onter de fall, w'en dar come er letter fum Cousin Tildy; Tildy she bin layin' mighty low sence she bin hirin' out ter de debil, settin' dat young man on de track er little Miss. Some niggahs nowadays got mo' book-l'arnin' dan princ'ple. Dat dar letter say dis yeth done rid er Mars Dick Hardin. Up Norf dar don' 'pear ter be no en' ter dese yer spreein' men. 'Seems like de col' keep deir brains fum burnin' up; but down Souf, mo' like dan not, dey's consumed in deir prime, en dat's how it wuz wid Mars Dick. He went off in one er dem tears er his'n like er hot pancake.

Well, den dar come anudder day, nigh onter de spring, w'en dar come er rat-tat ter de front do', en bress you, honey, ef dar ain't de same han'some young man! en dar I stan' er grinnin' like I was all toof; en it don' 'pear like it wuz er week sence he wuz dar afo', dough yere's little Miss Nanny hangin' onter my skirts.

Well, dar ain't much mo' ter tell, 'ceptin' dat dis yer prop'ty's on de move. Mars Frye, w'at keeps de butcher shop ober yonder, he's mighty sot on gittin de place. Yer see, me en Zach's got er call ter sup'intend er house-wa'min' down 'Tlanta way.

No, honey, I don' p'sume dar am no moral ter dis yere story; but I boun' ter ax yer w'at yer reckon gwineter 'come ob er po' young cre'tur' ef folks tells a heap er lies 'bout her, en she 'ain't got de arms ob no ole niggah mammy whar ter hide twell de hail stop a-peltin'? Dat ar's w'at I bin er studyin' ober sence de chil'en's done gone on deir tower. **Kate Lee Ashley.**

THE MILWAUKEE SAENGERFEST.



THE ARCH OF WELCOME.

The twenty-fourth festival of the North American Saengerbund was held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, last week, beginning with a magnificent concert on Wednesday evening, and closing on Sunday. During the four days of its continuance Milwaukee was flooded with music to an extent difficult of comprehension by people who were not there to listen and to take part in the jubilee. All former Northwestern Saengerfests were eclipsed—which is saying a good deal. The pictures which are published in this issue of the exterior and interior of the great Exposition Building, in which the festival was held, give some idea of the magnitude of this musical event, but when the list of cities which were represented, and of the societies which represented them, is glanced at, the national importance and the real magnitude of the festival become more fully apparent. Chicago sent fifteen German singing societies, nearly every one of which was accompanied either by a brass band or a small orchestra. From St. Louis there were present thirteen representative musical organizations. Cincinnati was represented by eight singing societies. Buffalo also sent eight distinct musical organizations, including the well-known Orpheus and Arion singing societies of that city. From Cleveland there were five societies; from Wheeling, West Virginia, three; from Philadelphia three—the Saengerbund, Maennerchor, and Arion; Erie, Pennsylyania, was represented by two societies, as was Louisville, Kentucky; Allegheny, Pennsylvania; Columbus, Ohio; and Dayton, Ohio. This city was represented by eighty members of the Eichenkranz Society, and a single society was also sent from each of fourteen places. The total membership of these musical organizations was about 2500.

It is estimated that at the opening concert of the festival on Wednesday evening there were present in the Exposition Building more than 12,000 persons. Its seating capacity is for 7502 people on the main floor, and 2500 in the galleries. There was not a vacant seat, and the aisles were thronged as far as was permissible.

Although there was but one preliminary rehearsal of the orchestra, the individual members of which were gathered from many different musical centres, there was no evidence in its subsequent performances of an insufficiency of practice. It consisted of 102 pieces, and was directed by the baton of Professor **Catenhusen**. Immediately after the overture, the first test of the combined work of orchestra and chorus—a great gathering of nearly three thousand singers and performers—was furnished in **Wagner's** "Hymn to Art," and the result was a complete assurance of the artistic success of the festival. Addresses were then made by the Mayor of Milwaukee and Governor **Rusk** of Wisconsin. The Mayor spoke in German, and the Governor's address was a laudation of the spirit of the Saengerfest.

Following the formal opening of the festival on Wednesday evening, concerts were given daily throughout its continuance, and were attended by audiences which filled the enormous building on each occasion. As for the city at large, it gave itself up completely to the festival spirit that pervaded the air. All business save that of the entertainment of visitors from abroad was practically abandoned, and the city, decorated as it was from end to end with flags and banners and triumphal arches, presented throughout the week a brilliant and attractive appearance.

THE BICENTENNIAL OF ALBANY.

In the last number of the **Weekly** the reasons were given why Albany claimed the right to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the granting of its charter. The historic causes of Albany's existence were also outlined, and sketches of the most noted of the older houses were given. The celebration being over, a word in regard to its salient features will be of interest.

Albany was always a religiously inclined, perhaps a devout, city. The church and the schoolhouse were planted together, and nourished by the aid of the tax-gatherer. Therefore it was eminently proper that the week should open with religious services in the several churches, which were attended by the official representatives of the city. Albany being a military and a fortified city, it was proper, in the next place, that the north and south gates of the ancient stockade, which are about half a mile apart in the modern Broadway, should be opened, and a welcome extended to all comers. This was gracefully done early on Monday morning by Mayor **Thacher**.

The culminating and crowning feature of the whole was the historical pageant of Wednesday night, just preceding the beginning of the bicentennial day proper. It was a fit ending of the last hours that clung to the second century of the city's life. The night was cloudy, and the electric lights had been shut off by the consent of all. A mere alignment of words is all that the average pen can call its statement of what took place, for a description that would convey the scene to the mind of the reader is wellnigh impossible. Our Northern blood runs very slowly, the Dutch blood is said to run slower, and the Albany Dutch blood the slowest of all. Hence the grafting of a *mardi-gras* festivity upon a historic celebration was considered a crazy scheme by some, while others shook their heads in doubt, and all awaited the result of the experiment with interest. The outcome proved that a custom used on frivolous occasions for the most part can be trained so as to give most pleasing and lasting impressions of even so grave a subject as history, and the Northern people should thank the energetic Alabamian who came to Albany and taught this lesson, for in no other city of the North has it yet been shown.

The technical name of each piece of moving tableau is "float." The effect is produced by covering the running gear of a heavy wagon so as to form the base or foundation on which the tableau rests. The horses are shod with felt, and as the noiseless panorama unwinds, effects of blue and red are given by the burning of Greek-fire at frequent intervals.

The historical pageant of Wednesday night consisted of sixteen floats. Very appropriately, the coat of arms of Albany led all the rest. Living figures sustained the shield wherever the beaver and the wheat showed both thrift and prosperity. The Spirit of Discovery came next—fit emblem of **Hudson's** daring. A nautilus shell contains three maidens, who drive the dolphins through the sea. Still back the idea of discovery runs, and gives the Northmen of the year 1000 in the third float—a savage-looking set of men with winged helmets and spiked shields; their boat is a mystery of the ancient art of ship-building. Still more of the discoverer: the landing of **Columbus**, a most striking scene, as he takes possession of a continent, while the savages dodge behind the trees in their amazement.

The pageant now takes a local turn, and gives the old stockade called Fort Orange, including a barter with the Indians for their furs, and a hearty Dutch welcome to the inner side of the gates. The sale of Indian lands to the whites is another subject which brings to mind the square dealing of the Dutch with the natives of the soil. Scenic effects are vividly produced in the legend of the Catskills, wherein Rip Van Winkle meets the mysterious and silent ball-rollers of the mountains. From fiction we once more turn to history. Two floats give the granting of the Duke of York's charter in 1664 and the granting of the Albany city charter in 1686. Then come scenes of thrilling historical interest. A Summer Evening in Old Albany gives away the home-life of the early settlers. Broad stoops, notched gables, and small windows serve as a background. A terrible scene is the massacre at Schenectady in 1690, the burning cabin being unconsumed, like the bush of Moses.

Burgoyne's surrender appeals to the American spirit of all the spectators, while it appeals particularly to the pride of Albanians because their greatest General laid the plans—although another did the executing—and acted as host to **Burgoyne** himself. General **Schuyler's** mansion is, very fittingly, the subject of the next float—a Heroine of Revolutionary Days. Here is the historic stairway bearing the marks of the tomahawk as the Indian allies of the British sought to capture **Margaret**, the escaping daughter of the General. In her flight she bore her infant sister **Catherine** to a place of safety, General **Schuyler** meanwhile having frightened the conspirators away by a cleverly executed ruse. The next float shows the marriage of **Margaret Schuyler** to **Stephen Van Rensselaer**, the last of the Patroons. Close by are **Elizabeth Schuyler** and her husband, **Alexander Hamilton**. The ceremony takes place on the lawn in front of the old **Schuyler** mansion. The commercial impetus given to Albany by the artificial waterway is shown by the float called the Erie Canal, **De Witt Clinton** forming a central figure. Finally, the prosperity and progress of the country at large are typified in the float which by a mechanical contrivance represents the glinting rays of the sun as it rises over a sea in actual motion, while Father Time gives way before the powers of steam and electricity that change his hours of the past to the minutes of to-day.

"THE GALATEA."

The cutter *Galatea* was built by Mr. **John Reid**, at Port Glasgow, Scotland. She was launched May 1, 1885. Her principal dimensions are: length over all, 100 feet; on water-line, 86 feet 8 inches; beam, 15 feet; depth, 13 feet 3 inches; and she draws 13 feet 8 inches of water. She was designed by Mr. **Beavor-Webb**, and built for her present owner, Lieutenant **Henn**, R.N., an enthusiastic yachtsman, who sails and navigates his own yachts.

When Mr. **Beavor-Webb** sent the challenge of the cutter *Genesta* for the *America's* Cup, last year, he at the same time sent a challenge on behalf of the *Galatea*, which was then on the stocks. He was the designer of both cutters, and probably thought that if he could not win with one, he might with the other. He expected that the *Galatea* would be an improvement on the *Genesta*, but during her first season she was proven to be inferior to that cutter. Last winter very extensive alterations were made in her, and in the four contests that she has engaged in this season she has evidently performed much better than she did last year. She has been beaten by the *Irex*—easily the fastest cutter-yacht in Great Britain—but she has not been beaten much, and the conclusion arrived at from the record of her performances this season is that she is fully as good as the *Genesta*, if not a little better; and as the *Genesta* was proven last year to be very nearly as good as the *Puritan*, it is clear that the *Galatea* has a fair chance of success in her present hunt for the cup.

When the challenges of the two yachts were received last year, the New York Club accepted both provisionally; that is, the club said to Mr. **Beavor-Webb**, "If we beat the *Genesta*, we will immediately sail a race with the *Galatea* under the same conditions; if we don't, of course we cannot." Various causes prevented the *Galatea* from coming last year, principally, in all probability, that she was not doing as well as had been expected; but in one of her races she was dismasted, and this furnished an excuse entirely satisfactory. She was re-rigged, and sailed a few races after that, but it was then late in the season, and Lieutenant **Henn**, or Mr. **Beavor-Webb**, who in relation to these races has acted the part of principal rather than agent, thought it would be better to defer the contest until this season.

The change made in the *Galatea* last winter was principally in the arrangement of her ballast. She is built of mild steel, and has a hollow keel filled with lead. It was found that this work had been imperfectly done, and the lead was all taken out and recast. Her main-sail was also made to lace to the boom, as a result of Mr. **Beavor-Webb's** observation while in this country, enabling her to dispense with the enormously heavy spar required for a loose-footed sail.

The record of the *Galatea* is not a good one. During the season of 1885 she started fifteen times, and never secured a single first prize, although she came in first twice, but was beaten on time allowance. Twice she came in second, and four times third. Her total winnings for the season were £50—£30 for second prize, May 30, at the New Thames Regatta, and £20, July 10, at the Royal Ulster Regatta. The cutter *Irex* during this same season won £1210.

The *Galatea's* first appearance was on May 21, 1885, at the spring cruise of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, when she was easily outsailed by the *Genesta*. Her first regular race was on May 30, 1885, at the annual regatta of the New Thames Yacht Club, where she sailed against the *Irex*, *Genesta*, and other cutters, and finished ahead of the lot, but was beaten on allowance of time by the *Irex*. She, however, took second prize, thus beating the *Genesta*.

In her second race, June 1, 1885, the *Genesta* was not present, she having been withdrawn in order to prepare for her voyage to this country; but the *Galatea* sailed against the *Irex*, *Marjorie*, *Marguerite*, and *Tara*. In this race she was not placed, the *Tara* getting first prize on allowance, and the *Marguerite* second.

In her third race, the *Irex* and *Marjorie* both led her at the finish, but not much. She was but 4 minutes 17 seconds behind the *Irex*.

These races will give an idea of her performance during the last season. She was proven to be inferior to both the *Irex* and the *Marjorie*.

This season the *Galatea* appeared first at the regatta of the New Thames Yacht Club in the Channel match from Southend to Harwich in a fresh whole-sail breeze from northeast, giving the yachts a beat of forty miles. She was showing quite as well as the *Irex*, and had twice reached through her lee and obtained a lead of that celebrated cutter, when her bobstay gave way, and she was obliged to bear up.

June 7 she started again in a forty-mile race, and came in second to the *Irex*, with the *Marjorie* over seven minutes behind her. June 11 she started again with the *Irex*, but was withdrawn when half over the course. Her last race was June 15, at the regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Club, at Dover, in a forty-five-mile race, with only the *Irex* and *Marjorie* against her. The *Irex* led all the way around the course, with the *Galatea* close up. The figures at the finish were: *Irex*, 4.04.09; *Galatea*, 4.08:57; *Marjorie*, 4.13.36.

The *Galatea* was then withdrawn and prepared for her voyage across the Atlantic. Her racing mast was kept in her, but boom and gaff and racing sails were shipped to this country by steamer, and arrived at Boston July 17. The yacht comes out under a gaff topsail. Mrs. **Henn** comes with her husband in the yacht. She is quite as enthusiastic a lover of the sport as he is, and has accompanied him on several long cruises in the yawl, which he owned before he had the *Galatea* built.

As to the chances of the *Galatea* taking back in her locker the *America's* cup, yachting men think that they are quite as good as those of the *Genesta* were. From present appearances it would seem almost certain that the yacht chosen to defend the cup will be the *Puritan*; and if, as her record shows, the *Galatea* is better than the *Genesta*, and nearly as good as the *Irex*, it of course follows that she is about as good as the white sloop from Boston. The race, therefore, may be expected to be a very close one, and those who think that the cup is safe, no matter which of the four large American sloops is chosen, have not closely studied the record.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Sham-sho, according to an East Indian temperance journal, is a powerful liquor, capable of dissolving a Martini-Henry bullet in the space of thirty minutes. In Burmah, which is the place of its manufacture, it is a popular beverage, and is used as a drink solely. It is said to be made of rice and lime. The English masters of Burmah, it is understood, will endeavor either to prevent the manufacture of sham-sho or to have its strength diminished. It was not found in the course of the late occupation that a Burmese soldier dissolved the bullets which were fired into him, but the liquor is dreaded for other reasons. Its effect upon the stomachs and nerves of consumers is frightful, and it is feared that it will work havoc among the British troops.

A newspaper report from Louisiana declares that a chicken was picking at a turtle's head which had been cut off three days before, when the jaws snapped, catching the chicken, and killing it outright. To a turtle's head of that sort what is the need of a turtle? Nothing like the need, one would think, of confirmation to a story of that sort.

A man has died in the almshouse at St. Petersburg at the age of one hundred and twenty-two years. He had been an inmate since 1818, and was in good health physically and mentally until four years before his death, when a general failure set in.

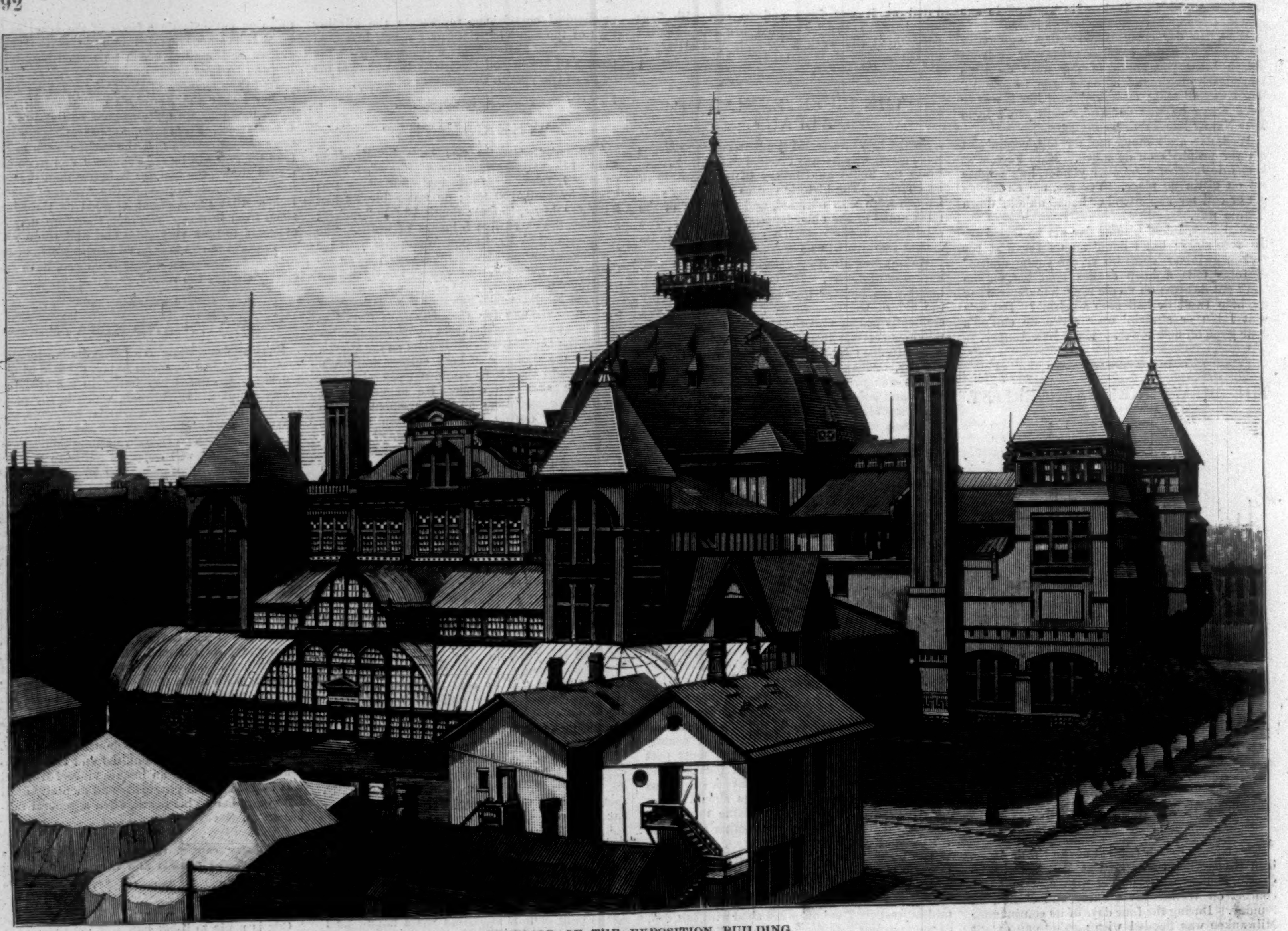
A lobster caught recently in Massachusetts weighed eleven pounds and three-quarters, and was thirty inches long. An expert estimated that it was twenty-five years old.

One is made to think how few the aborigines of this country have become when one reads of an Indian being struck by lightning. Every summer the newspapers are quite plentifully sprinkled with items concerning persons who have been visited by this terrible agent, but very rarely indeed does it happen that these persons are Indians. On July 18, lightning killed four Indians and injured ten others in Minnesota. Of course thunder-bolts do not discriminate among races, and the reason why such cases are rare must be that Indians are rare also.

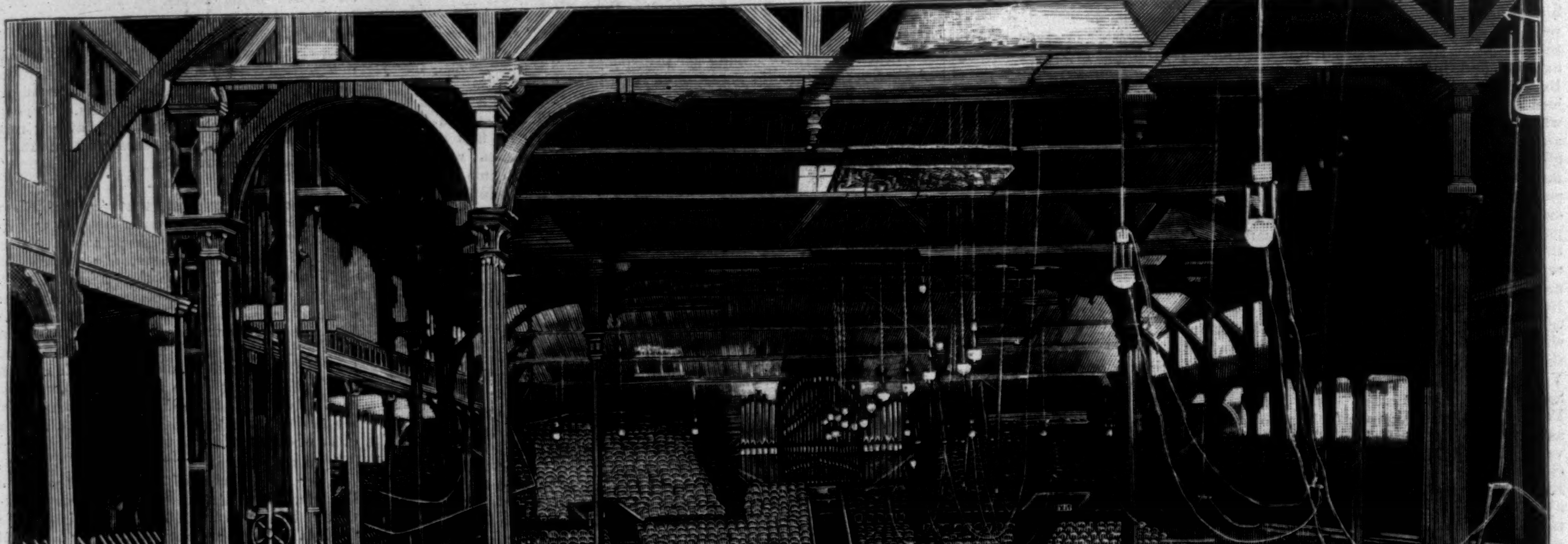
There are evidences that that remarkable book, *English as She is Spoke*, has found its way into Egypt. This is the English part of a placard, printed in several languages, in a *café chantant* at Alexandria: "Every of the consummations of the coldess, one piastre besides. Every of the claim to be addressed directly of the direction. During of the repetitions the price of consummations to be the same that in every the other's coffee." The translation of this English is: "All iced drinks one piastre extra. All complaints should be made at the office. Notwithstanding the performance, the prices will be the same as those of other cafés."

After the advance of the British troops into Burmah, it is said, a company of Chinese soldiers were fed for a month on soup, bread, and beef, the idea being to ascertain if the new diet would increase the avoirdupois of the Orientals and bring to them the more ponderous and martial port of the English men-at-arms. At the end of the month it was found (so the report runs) that the average loss of weight among the Chinamen was seven pounds, and that they were quite broken down in spirit; whereupon the usual rice diet was immediately restored.

A recent meteor in Wisconsin made a hole in the ground "three or four feet in circumference, and so deep that all attempts to sound it by means of long poles proved futile." People at last accounts were engaged in "excavating the earth around the spot," and little doubt was entertained that the diggers would finally ascertain the depth of the hole, and bring the meteor to light. The meteor as it approached the earth made a noise like a train of cars, according to the best information, and at the moment of contact its roar was almost deafening. A gratifying feature of the report of this meteor is its apparent restraint and poise. Meteor reports fell into considerable discredit several years ago by reason of one from Texas which announced that a meteor weighing several thousand tons had fallen upon a house in that State and destroyed an entire family, together with a barn and a quantity of live stock. Subsequent reports stated, one that the size of the meteor had been grossly exaggerated, and a later one that there had been no meteor. The report from Wisconsin is quite unambitious in comparison with the Texas account, and its modesty will do much to win credence for it.

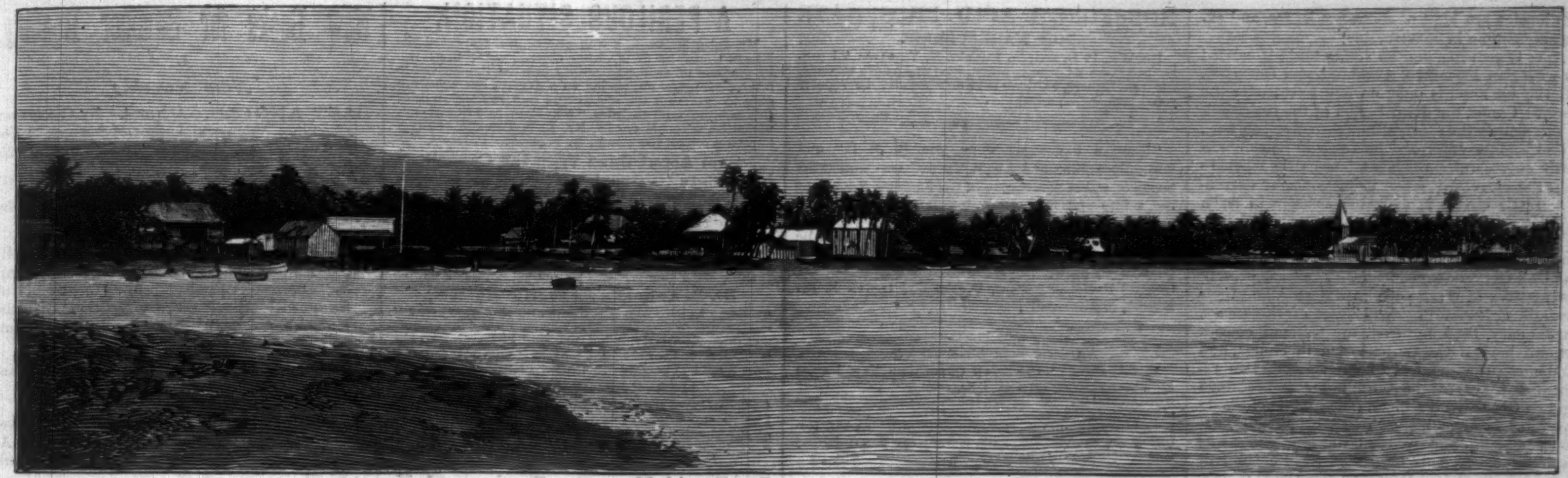


EXTERIOR OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.

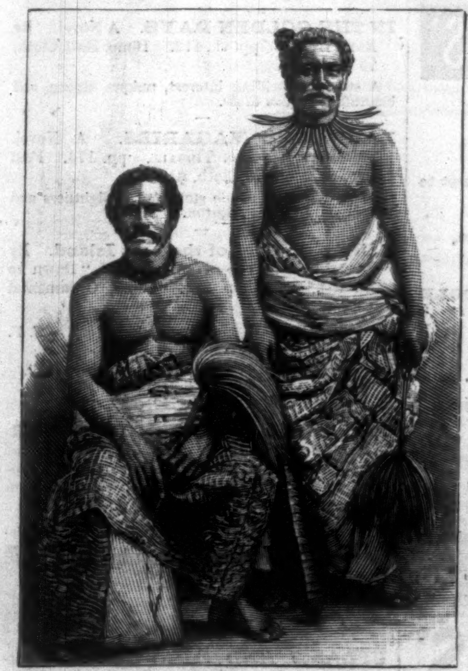


THE MAIN HALL.

TWENTY-FOURTH FESTIVAL OF THE NORTH AMERICAN SAENGERBUND AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, JULY 21-24.
From Photographs by E. D. Bangs, Milwaukee.—[See Page 491.]



THE SAMOAN ISLANDS—APIA, FROM THE SEA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PASSED ASSISTANT SURGEON H. W. WHITAKER, U. S. N.



KING MALIETOA AND HIS ORATOR.

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

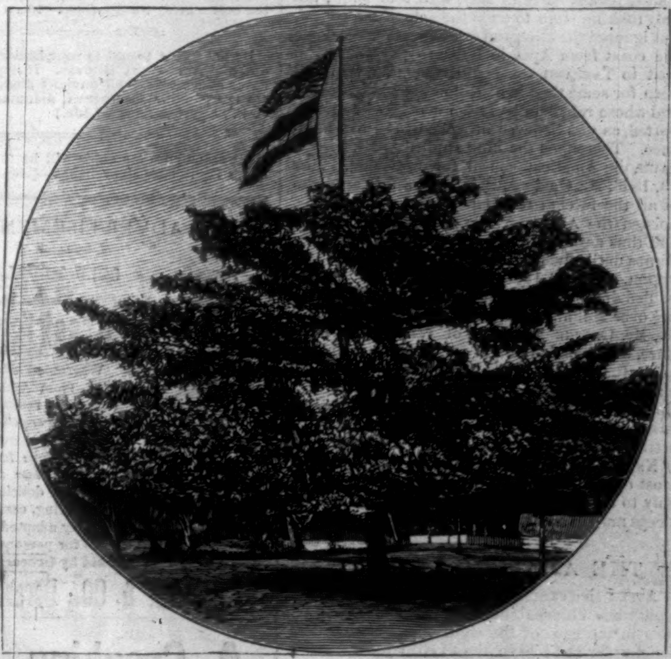
THE Samoan, or, as they used to be called, the Navigator's, Islands, have recently come into prominence by reason of the development of the ambition of Germany in the direction of the South Pacific, and the steps taken by other nations to withstand her designs. Our interest in them as Americans dates back to the project of Mr. STEINBERGER, during General GRANT's administration, for placing them under an American protectorate. The islands, nine in number—four comparatively large, and five smaller—are situated between the latitudes of 13½° and 14½° south, and the longitudes of 168° and 173° west. They were discovered by BOUGAINVILLE in 1768, and by LA PÉROUSE in 1778.

They are all of volcanic origin, and have remains of extinct volcanoes, the largest of which is on the island of Upolu, near Apia. The climate and vegetation are tropical, and bread-fruit and "toro," a farinaceous root, constitute the principal food of the people.

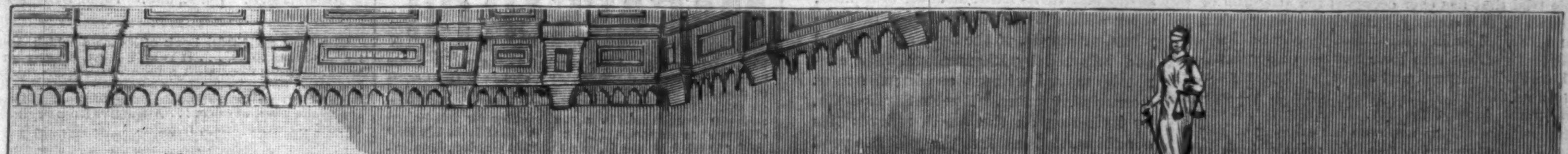
Upolu is the largest island of the group, and has a population of a little more than twenty thousand.

Apia, the seat of the recent trouble in Samoa, is the largest town in the group, and one of the important ports of the South Seas. It has a population estimated at five thousand, including foreigners. Of these the greater number are Germans, next in number are Americans, and then Englishmen.

The residences and storehouses of foreigners are built of wood, and are comfortable. The na-



ESTABLISHING THE AMERICAN PROTECTORATE.



THE TRIAL OF THE ANARCHISTS IN CHICAGO.—FROM A SKETCH BY LOUIS GASSELIN.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

tive houses are built of cocoa-nut leaves, and extremely simple in construction.

Apia is growing, and an active trade is carried on with San Francisco, Auckland, and Germany. All the business is done on one street near the water. Copra, the dried kernel of the cocoa-nut, is the principal export, although coffee has been raised, and the enterprise bids fair to be commercially successful. Business houses do business with the natives in trade, using copra as currency. Little money is exchanged except in Apia. Trading posts are established on all of the islands.

In December, 1884, the Samoan King MALIETOA was induced to sign a treaty which virtually made Samoa a German dependency. The consular representatives of other powers protested, and their protests defeated the ratification of the treaty. In January, 1885, however, the German consul-general hoisted the German flag in Samoa, and announced that he had taken possession in reprisal for acts of hostility, not specified, done against Germany by King MALIETOA. He forbade the king to hoist his own flag over the Court-house, and in January, 1886, the king's flag was hauled down in Apia by sailors from a German man-of-war. Prince BISMARCK disavowed the act of his consul in hoisting the German flag, but did not order it down. The German admiral who visited Samoa early in May, with four ships, not only took no steps to undo the acts of the consul, but ignored the king, and went twenty miles down the coast from Apia in order to pay an official visit to TAMSASSI, the lawful vice-king, who had been for some time in rebellion against his chief, and whose rebellion had been instigated and supported, as was believed in Apia, by German influence. Thereupon the king applied to Mr. GREENBAUM, the American consul, for protection. May 13, 1886, Mr. GREENBAUM, with the full approval of all the foreign residents except the Germans, hoisted the American flag over that of Samoa, and thus assumed a temporary protectorate over Samoa until advices could be received from Washington. May 28, 1886, the German consul at last hauled down the German flag, which had been flying over Mulinu Point for sixteen months. July 22, Mr. GEORGE H. BATES, of Wilmington, Delaware, a personal friend of Secretary BAYARD, left home for Samoa as a special commissioner from our government to meet the representatives of England, France, and Germany. At this conference it is hoped that the status of Samoa will be settled.

Nature generously furnishes the Samoan with most of the requirements of his life, and he has only to take them. He works but little, if at all, sleeps much, and lives a life of ease and indolence.

THE ANARCHISTS' TRIAL.

AFTER the examination of nine hundred and eighty-two citizens summoned as possible jurymen in the case of the eight anarchists on trial for murder at Chicago, the twelfth juror was, on the 15th inst., accepted, and the trial finally begun. In many respects it is the most remarkable trial that has ever occupied the attention of a court in this country. All the testimony thus far developed tends to show that the eight defendants, with others who have not been apprehended, carefully planned and attempted to carry out the annihilation of the police force of Chicago and the sacking of the city. The attempt, it will be remembered, was made on the evening of May 4. In response to a handbill printed both in German and English, and issued from the headquarters of a band of avowed anarchists, who for several years had been permitted to plot and conspire against the city's peace without molestation, nearly fifteen hundred idle men gathered at the corner of Desplaines and Randolph streets in Chicago, in an open square known as the Old Haymarket. To this crowd the leaders of the anarchist mob, mounted upon a wagon in the middle of the street, addressed incendiary harangues, the tone of which became so lawless and inflammatory that an Inspector of Police felt authorized in breaking up the meeting. With this object in view a reserve of sixty policemen moved down the street to disperse the crowd, when suddenly a dynamite bomb as large as a man's two hands was thrown from the vicinity of the speaker's stand into the police ranks, and between thirty and forty officers fell wounded and bleeding to the ground. At the same moment a fusillade of pistol shots from the anarchists added to the havoc that had been done by the infernal machine. Fortunately the discipline and courage of the police, aided by the natural cowardliness of the rioters, prevented a general overthrow of the authorities, and what had been an attempt to capture a city became only the wanton murder of a few policemen. For the conception of and participation in this peculiarly causeless crime, the following so-called "anarchists" are now on trial for their lives, the overt act with which they are charged being the murder of police officer MATTHIAS J. DEGAN, who was one of those killed by the explosion of the dynamite bomb: AUGUST SPIES, SAMUEL FIELDEN, MICHAEL SCHWAB, CHRIS SPIES, C. R. PARSONS, GEORGE ENGEL, ADOLPH FISCHER, and LOUIS LINGG.

The first sensational event of the trial was the testimony of GOTTFRIED WALLERS, an anarchist, who, turning State's evidence, swore that he had belonged to an armed body of anarchists, and who described in detail the preparations that had been made by the leaders (the defendants on trial) for the capture of the city. It was, he said, the purpose to disable the Fire Department as well as the police. He described a meeting at which he said it was decided that they were to kill everybody who opposed them. It was also proposed at that meeting that anarchists should mingle with the crowds in the city's streets, and kill everybody right and left. The State has also produced a witness, WILLIAM SELINGER, who swears that LOUIS LINGG was the man who made the fatal bomb.

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Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

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Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

a chance to help him if it could, and he began using it on that understanding. Weeks went by and the friends met once more—Mr. Allen looking like a man who has been close to the grave and been snatched back. "Mr. Parsons," he exclaimed, "the Favorite Remedy

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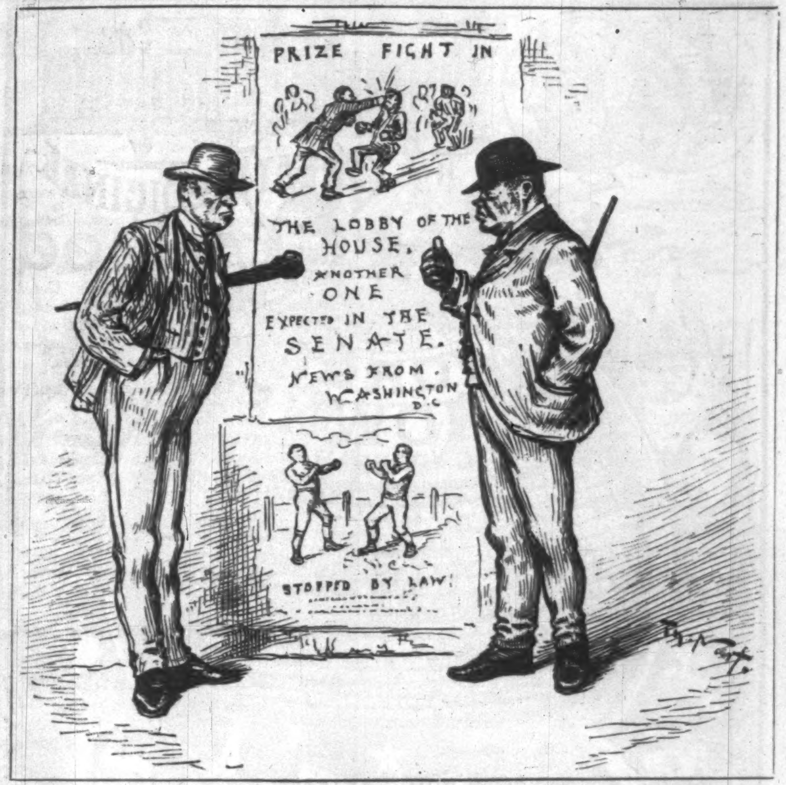

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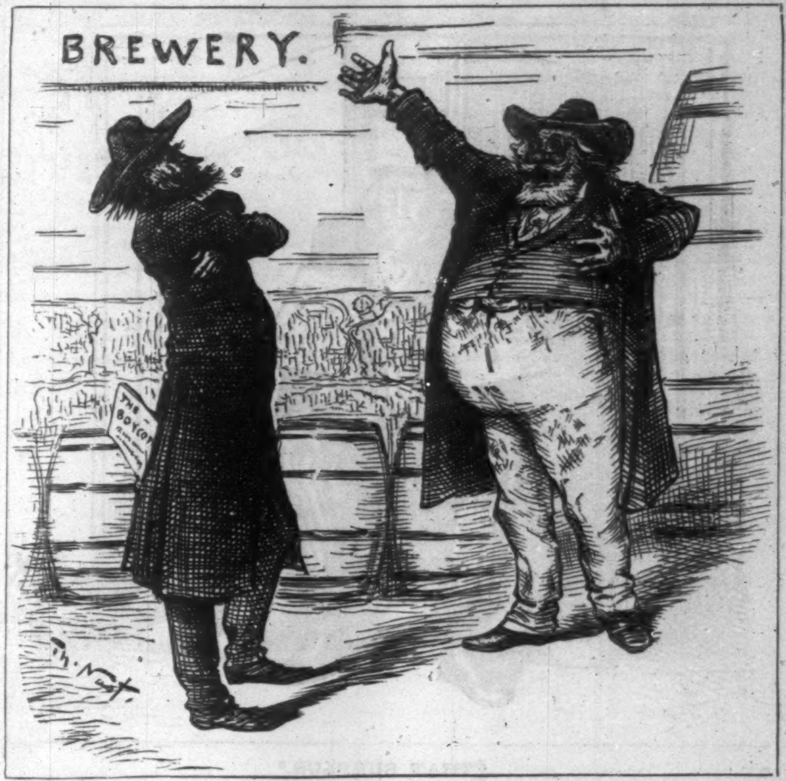
One slugger to the other—"We'll have to go to Congress to have our mill out."



THE WORST THREAT YET.

FIRST BOYCOTTER. "I will not drink a drop of any beer, for all brewers are bloated capitalists."
SECOND BOYCOTTER. "What! commit suicide by keeping sober!"

"MY WIFE IS LOST WITHOUT IT."

OUR TRADE MARK.
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The J.B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTENBURY, CONN.

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This soap is Absolutely Pure; Cleansing, Soothing and Healing in its effects. A balm for "Chapped Hands" and all roughness to which sensitive skins are liable. An Exquisite Bath and Toilet Soap at a moderate price.

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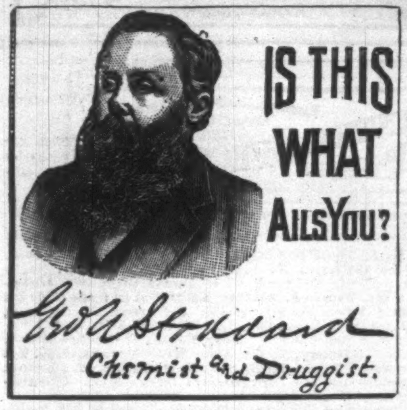
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Geo N Stoddard
Chemist and Druggist.

Do you feel generally miserable, or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fulness and bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling, or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning, and a constant feeling of dread, as if something awful was about to happen?

If you have any or all of the symptoms, send 36 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD, druggist, 1226 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will tell you what ails you, and send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take, and easy directions, which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (48) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

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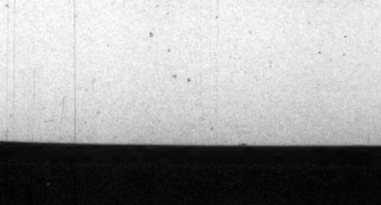
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful attention."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